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HOW ABOUT THE GREAT CANAL--IS IT DOOMED?

Evidences multiply daily that the most serious problem confronting the new administration is that involved in the construction of the Panama canal. It is all well enough to talk about the excellent sanitary conditions, the contentment of workmen who are receiving double wages, the unexpected progress being made, the flying dirt, the "In-Roosevelt-we-Trust" medals to be presented to every one who works two years, etc., etc. But what about the canal? No sane man will be surprised to hear that any idea of approximating the ultimate cost has already been abandoned. The original estimates were not only crude, but, we were informed at the time, deliberately minimized in the aggregate by taking the lowest suggested in each individual case, so that the grand total would not paralyze both congress and the country.

But, accepting Mr. Taft's view that we are bound to finish the gigantic undertaking irrespective of cost, again we ask, What about the canal? Is it doomed to be a failure in the end? The army engineers continue to profess confidence. That is but natural and to be expected. But expert opinions from other sources grow more and more disquieting. There is no doubt that many changes have been made in the plans accepted, although by whose authority or how material cannot be ascertained. The chief point of contention relates to the foundations of the great Gatun dam. This structure will be more than a mile long and required to hold a body of water eighty feet deep and covering several square miles of basin. The pressure on some portions will be 14,000 pounds or more to the square foot. The French engineer, Bunau-Varilla, has maintained consistently from the beginning that no dam could be built upon a foundation of blue clay that would withstand this tremendous weight. Professor Burr, of Columbia university, and Mr. Bates, both eminent men, confirm this judgment.

Private corporations engaged in great constructive work do not do business in this way. Why should the United States? Why wouldn't it be a good idea, in fact, for Mr. Taft to get somebody to go along who knows and is known to know his business? Some months ago we ventured the assertion that the man best equipped to build the canal, if he would undertake the job, was Edward H. Harriman. The suggestion was offered with no expectation of its being acted upon, owing to certain personal differences which need not now be recalled. But we renew it now in all seriousness. There is not a railway or a dam builder in the country who will not agree that Mr. Harriman's mere opinion upon the existing vital difference of opinion between the engineers would be worth its weight in gold. And what is more to the point, he knows precisely where and to whom to go for any knowledge which he does not possess himself.

It is too much to expect that Mr. Harriman could be induced to build the canal, but he could hardly refuse, if asked, to make a thorough inspection, and submit a report that would be accepted as authoritative, at any rate, and consequently of the greatest service in resolving the grave misgivings that have arisen and are growing in the minds of the people.—Harper's Weekly.

TRIUMPH OF MACHINERY AS SHOWN IN STEEL MILL

The putting to work, two hours after steam was turned on, of a 20,000-horsepower twin tandem compound reversing engine, in the hardest engine work of a steel plant, that of driving a reversing blooming mill, and the performance of that engine thereafter, not calling for a stoppage of five minutes during more than a month's performance, with a copper cent set on edge on the bed plate, is a triumph of design and execution in engine construction which was not dreamed of a decade ago. It is, however, merely an instance of the rapid progress the steel industry is making in the employment of more and more efficient means in the execution of its work. It is not 10 years ago that the predecessor of this engine, a twin engine 55x60 inches, working simple, was installed. Only six years ago, an engine of this last named size and type was installed to drive a similar blooming mill in the west, and was regarded as well fitted to the work, not simply for the time, but for many years in the future.

The desire for increased tonnage has led to a somewhat one-sided development. There has been a greater development in the mechanical side than there has been in the metallurgical side. To employ new and improved mechanical devices means increased tonnage, while to try new metallurgical processes often means reduced tonnage, and thus metallurgical development, in the direction of modifying the composition of steel, has not proceeded apace.

It is well known to engineers, for instance, that the employment of nickel steel in tension members of large structures has much to commend it, but there is less inclination to change metallurgical processes and carry through the works special steels of this description than there is to increase tonnage by mechanical means, despite the advantage which might in the long run acnrue. Again, the alloying of steel with aluminum promises a great reduction, if not an elimination, of corrosion, but there is less tendency to modify the metallurgical processes, and produce such steels for practical tests, than there is to make modifications which increase tonnage or reduce the expense of production measured in tons of coal or in human effort expended.—Iron Trade Review.

REAR ADMIRAL TELLS OF ENGLISH UNDERSTANDING

My mind went back to some of the many intimate talks I used to have with Sir George Clarke years ago, in which, to our mutual satisfaction, we agreed that the great mission of the Anglo-Saxon race was to preserve the peace of the world. With this view we further agreed that Great Britain and the United States should, by common consent and treaty, be made the world's policemen, to whose support the various Christian powers should contribute sums in accordance with their interest in the matter. With the fund thus raised England and the United States would maintain a fleet and an army to be used to coerce any quarrelsome country into abandoning her warlike intention until after the question at issue had been settled by arbitration. Any nation refusing to arbitrate would be prohibited from fighting. Nations could only go to war after the arbitrators, sitting in judgment, had declared the cause inadequate and had granted permission. We went somewhat into the details of the scheme, but in every instance we recognized that ours was a counsel of perfection, impossible of execution, however much we should have liked to see it inaugurated for the good of mankind.

These conversations took place long before the calling of the first Hague conference and the founding of the Hague Tribunal. These great steps forward have raised, on many sides, the absorbing question of how the decrees of the court can be enforced against an unwilling litigant. Mr. Secretary Root finds in a general public opinion a potent weapon of coercion, yet it can be imagined that a people might be so aroused, or an absolute ruler might be so whimsical in his vagaries as to defy this public opinion, and so bring about a state of affairs which all outsiders at least would deeply deplore. Under these circumstances Mr. Hislam soberly and in good faith proposes very much what Sir George Clarke and I talked over years since.

The mere fact that such an article should be written and given a prominent place in the United Service Magazine, of London, proves that the idea, by whomsoever originated, has made and is still making progress. After all, as individuals gather together, form communities and hire police for their protection, what is there intrinsically incongruous in a similar uniting of nations? Is there any real reason other than "amour-propre?" Why should not two powers come to some understanding by which an adequate force might be maintained for the interest and protection of both against a foreign aggression, and at half the expense? And if two can so combine, why should not many? As the Italians say, "Se vuoi la pace, vuoi la guerra"—if you want peace, you must be ready for war. Without going too deeply into details and assuming, merely for the purpose of argument, and not in the least as representing the true state of affairs—that a fleet of twenty battleships in the Atlantic and another of twenty battleships in the Pacific would preserve the peace of the world on the seas, why would it not be well for the principal powers to contribute to the maintenance of these two fleets a sum proportionate to their concern, turning their surplus ships over to the common policemen and reducing their naval budget to an amount merely necessary to maintain a proper coast guard service?

Supposing, on the other hand, there were at the disposition of the Hague Tribunal a thoroughly prepared and highly trained force of, say, 250,000 men, ready to move at a moment's notice, why should the great powers maintain huge standing armies? Imagine the weight of the decision of the Hague Tribunal, backed by an army of a quarter of a million of troops. This would be a very serious counterpoise in the scale of international differences and would, indeed, repeat the ancient fable, but in this case, the parable of right. With such an array always available, nations might very easily diminish their standing forces to a mere army corps and trust to their militia and volunteers, as we do, for the bulk of their defense.

There is more in Mr. Hislam's essay than appears on the surface. It indicates an undercurrent of thought that must, sooner or later, be productive of great results, and this undercurrent of thought is not confined to any one man or to any one place. . . . So much has the idea gained in the past twenty years, and the ground thus won will never be wholly lost. I do not count myself among those who are ready to put this idea into immediate operation, for I recognize the enormous difficulties to be overcome, the vast number of details to be attended to, the conflicting interests to be safeguarded. There are problems to be solved as to the basis of proration of charges; questions, possibly, of mutual guarantee or respect of territory and sovereignty, etc., etc. These matters must be left for time. Upon us of the present day rests the duty to our fellowmen, not to scout as wild and absurd the very notion of a universal peace, but, admitting the desirability of the end itself, to throw what little influence we possess in accustoming ourselves and our neighbors to believe as possible what today we can only hope for—a Christendom governed by law with its joint judiciary upheld by adequate physical powers.

Elsewhere I have said that peace is less a condition than a frame of mind. If we talk war we are likely to have war; if we talk peace, we are likely to have peace. Mr. Hislam has given us an excellent chance to talk peace, in telling us how he thinks the seas may be policed. Why not profit by the opportunity, each adding his mite of discussion until there shall be created a public opinion before which, as Mr. Secretary Root foresees, even the most aggressive nation must bow?

The Bad Child.

Come, Little Badness, and cling to my knee;
Put your head down here an cry on my shoulder.
For badness in you is like badness in me,
Only my own is the older.

If you were a papa and wore a high hat,
I wonder if you would be talky and bossy,
And then when your little girl answered, like that
Would you say she were ugly and saucy?

If you were a mamma and wore a long skirt,
I wonder if you would grow weary of service,
And then when you scolded and made her feel hurt,
Would you say she was "naughty" or "nervous"?

If you were the strong one and I were the weak,
When you punished me, then would I thank you?
And when I was crying, too sobby to speak,
Wouldn't I long to spank you?

—Edmund Vance Cooke, in Appleton's.

WHEN HANNAH WAS FREED

New York Evening Post.

The following is transcribed from the records of the New York county register's office, and is interesting as showing that New York state is not yet a century distant from slavery:

"To all whom these presents shall come or concern Anthony Dey, of the city of New York, attorney-at-law, sends greeting:

"Know ye, That the said Anthony Dey for divers good causes and considerations him thereunto moving, hath and by these presents doth manumit from slavery and forever set free his negress named Hannah by him the said Anthony Dey purchased from Isaac Clason, which said negress is of the age of twenty-three years or thereabouts. To have and to hold to her the said negress Hannah her full, free manumission and freedom from the day of the date hereof, fully, freely, and absolutely for her own proper use, benefit, and behoof forever, without any claims whatever on the part of the said Anthony Dey or his legal representatives forever hereafter.

"In witness whereof, the said Anthony Dey hath hereto set his hand and seal this third day of July, in the year eighteen hundred and eleven.

"ANTHONY DEY (L. S.)

"Sealed and delivered in the presence of "John H. Concklin.

"City of New York, ss: Anthony Dey of the city of New York, attorney-at-law, appeared before me, Pierre C. Van Wyck, Esquire, recorder of the city of New York, and acknowledged that he executed the within instrument as his voluntary act and deed for the use and purposes therein mentioned. I allow it to be recorded.

"P. C. VAN WYCK.

"Recorded for and at the request of Hannah, this fifth day of February, 1813, in Liber 96, of Conveyances for New York county, at page 272."

It is possible that Anthony Dey was one of the family which gave Dey street its name.

Lord Rothschild's Cows.

London Globe.

When we consider that the average milk yield of the ordinary dairy cows of this country is variously put at from 400 to 450 gallons a cow a year, and that a 700-gallon cow is a remarkably good one, it is interesting to know that in the Tring herds belonging to Lord Rothschild there are four cows, each of which gave considerably over 1,000 gallons of milk during the year that ended with Michaelmas. A 10-year-old red polled cow, Clarissa, gave 13,577 pounds of milk (roughly, 1,350 gals. lons) during that period, and has further given an average of 12,233 pounds of milk a year for the three years she has been in the herd. The other three cows were shorthorns. Darlington Crauford 15th gave 12,270 pounds of milk in the year, and has given an average of 10,003 pounds a year for eight years; Red Rose 3rd gave 11,656 pounds of milk in the year, and Barrington Duchess 31st 10,047 pounds.

Woman Dies From Cat Scratch.

New York American.

Scratched two weeks ago by a Maltese cat, which was her only companion, at 2371 Jerome avenue, the Bronx, Mrs. Frances R. Gammon died of blood poisoning Wednesday. She was a widow and remarkably handsome. She kept herself in a hermit-like fashion.

The pet cat slept on the bed with her and never exhibited any sign of viciousness prior to inflicting the wound on her ankle. Mrs. Gammon neglected the scratch, her leg became swollen, and a week ago she called Dr. J. Fabriccus, living near by. He and another physician were powerless to save her, and she died in great agony.

The Right Sort of Wife.

Atchison Globe.

An Atchison man recently refused a proposal of marriage. "I like you," he said to the girl, "but you have too many friends. There would be to many at our wedding, for you would be afraid not to invite them all, and your many friends wouldn't be satisfied unless they made fools of us by playing some kind of crazy pranks on us when we started on our wedding journey. You have so many friends that we would get all kinds of presents that we don't want, and would be kept poor in future trying to pay back when the donors get married. You are nice, and I like you, but what I am loking for in a wife is a woman who is friendless."

Castro and His Pillaging

New York Tribune.

The proclamation which was ready for publication on the arrival of Gen. Rolando in Venezuela contains a list of General Castro's holdings in Venezuela, many of which, it is charged, were practically stolen. These holdings, which amount to millions of dollars, are partly in real estate. They will be confiscated by the new government. The list is here published for the first time:

Nearly the whole of the shares of the Tachira railway. The strained relations with Colombia are entirely for the purpose of favoring this enterprise.

A controlling interest in the steamers navigating the Lake of Maracaibo and the River Zulia. He forced the company that owned these steamers to sell them to him for an insignificant sum.

The greater portion of the shares of steamers navigating the Orinoco. He antagonized the two companies that had that business, and went so far as to cause the sinking of one of their steamers by the war vessel Zumbador, so as to force them to sell.

A controlling interest in the railway from Coro to La Vela.

Shares in the enterprise of the Electric Light of Puerto Cabello.

Shares in the business of the Electric Light of La Guaira.

Shares of the electric light bus'ness of Valencia.

Most of the shares of the gas and electric light of Caracas, which was obtained by him by making the municipal council, the contractor, and principal consumer hold back the payments to the concern, thereby embarrassing them, and by the aid of judges subservient to his wishes forced the concern into bankruptcy. The property of the company was sold at auction, and through an agent of his, who was the only bidder, he obtained a valuable property for an insignificant amount.

Flour mills in Maiquetia and in the Andes, with monopoly of the business.

Bonds of the Puerto Cabello docks.

Cattle farm, La Vandelaria, in Apure.

Cattle farm, El Baneo, in Aragua.

Cattle ranch of Manara.

Several cattle ranches in Maracay.

Plantations Quibrada and Concepcion, and others.

Palace, Villa Zlola, in Caracas, and some 30 houses more.

He also has many other properties in La Victoria, Valencia, Macuto, Les Teques, and Maracay.

One-third of the shares of the cigaret monopoly.

Shares of the Bank of Venezuela.

Large interests in the cattle monopoly.

Large interests in the liquor monopoly.

Controlling interest in the tobacco monopoly.

Interest in the contract for the sale of postage and revenue stamps.

Shares of the Carupano dock.

Shares of the Cumana dock.

The whole of the valley of Macuano, which he acquired by forcing Gen. Alejandro Ducharme to sell it to him.

Shares of the Caracas brewery.

More than $3,000,000 deposited in foreign banks.

Ten million bolivars in certificates of the diplomatic debt of 1905.

The telephone business of Bermudez, Ariesmendi, and Benitez, taken from the owners by military force.

Large interest in steamer Manzanares, the only steamer doing a coasting trade in Venezuela.

The exploitation of the asphalt mine of Guanaco in partnership with Barber and Carner.

The proclamation adds:

He has also expropriated the Maracaibo dock and other enterprises.

A large amount of money that he has invested in extraordinary sales of properties, hypothecated to him.

He is the owner of various mining concessions, acquired by reforming the mining laws, annuling many concessions, and denouncing them again through agents of his.

He is part owner of several concessions in the Delta territory and Guayana.

He established the salt and match monopoly, receiving from the contractors, through his agents, a large number of shares as a bonus, and after selling these shares he at once canceled said contracts.

"All these properties," the proclamation says, "have been acquired by him with moneys taken from the public treasury, which he has also used to corrupt the homes of the people, and in immodest ostentation, presenting his victims with houses and estates and supporting them in glaring luxury in the face of a starved people.

"When Castro assumed power he owned a small ranch which was valued at $8,000."

AS A MAN LIVES

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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CHAPTER I.

The Yellow House.

Positively every one, with two unimportant exceptions, had called upon us. The countess had driven over from Syslington Hall, twelve miles away, with two anaemic-looking daughters, who had gushed over our late roses and the cedar trees which shaded the lawn. The Holgates of Holgate Brand and Lady Naselton, of Naselton, had presented themselves on the same afternoon. Many others had come in their train, for what these very great people did the neighborhood was bound to endorse. There was a little veiled anxiety, a few elaborately careless questions as to the spelling of our name; but when my father had mentioned the second "f," and made a casual allusion to the Warwickshire Ffolliots—with whom we were not indeed on speaking terms, but who were certainly our cousins—a distinct breath of relief was followed by a gush of mild cordiality. There were wrong Ffolliots and right Ffolliots. We belonged to the latter. No one had made a mistake or compromised themselves in any way by leaving their cards upon a small country vicar and his daughters. And earlier callers went away and spread a favorable report. Those who were hesitating, hesitated no longer. Our little carriage drive, very steep and very hard to turn in, was cut up with the wheels of many chariots. The whole county within a reasonable distance came, with two exceptions. And those two exceptions were Mr. Bruce Deville, of Deville Court, on the borders of whose domain our little church and vicarage lay, and the woman who dwelt in the "Yellow House."

I asked Lady Naselton about both of them one afternoon. Her ladyship, by the by, had been one of our earliest visitors, and had evinced from the first a strong desire to become my sponsor in Northshire society. She was middle-aged, bright, and modern—a thorough little cosmopolitan, with a marked absence in her deportment and mannerisms of anything bucolic or rural. I enjoyed talking to her, and this was her third visit. We were sitting out upon the lawn, drinking afternoon tea, and making the best of a brilliant October afternoon. A yellow gleam from the front of that oddly-shaped little house, flashing through the dark pine trees, brought it into my mind. It was only from one particular point in our garden that any part of it was visible at all. It chanced that I occupied that particular spot, and during a lull in the conversation it occurred to me to ask a question.

"By the by," I remarked, "our nearest neighbors have not yet been to see us?"

"Your nearest neighbors!" Lady Naselton repeated. "Whom do you mean? There are a heap of us who live close together."

"I mean the woman who lives at that little shanty through the plantation," I answered, inclining my head towards it. "It is a woman who lives there, isn't it? I fancy that some one told me so, although I have not seen anything of her. Perhaps I was mistaken."

Lady Naselton lifted both her hands. There was postive relish in her tone when she spoke. The symptoms were unmistakable. Why do the nicest women enjoy shocking and being shocked?

I could see that she was experiencing positive pleasure from my question.

"My dear Miss Ffolliot!" she exclaimed "My dear girl, don't you really know anything about her? Hasn't anybody told you anything?"

I stifled an imaginary yawn in faint protest against her unbecoming exhilaration. I have not many weaknesses, but I hate scandal and scandal-mongering. All the same I was interested, although I did not care to gratify Lady Naselton by showing it.

"Remember, that I have only been here for a week or two," I remarked; "certainly not long enough to have mastered the annals of the neighborhood. I have not asked any one before. No one has ever mentioned her name. Is there really anything worth hearing?"

Lady Naselton looked down and brushed some crumbs from her lap with a delicately gloved hand. She was evidently an epicure in story-telling. She was trying to make it last out as long as possible.

"Well, my dear girl, I should not like to tell you all that people say," she began, slowly. "At the same time, as you are a stranger to the neighborhood, and, of course, know nothing about anybody, it is only my duty to put you on your guard. I do not know the particulars myself. I have never inquired. But she is not considered to be at all a proper person. There is something very dubious about her record."

"How deliciously vague!" I remarked, with involuntary irony. "Don't you know anything more definite?"

"I find no pleasure in inquiring into such matters," Laidy Naselton replied a little stiffly. "The opinion of those who are better able to judge is sufficient for me."

"One must inquire, or one cannot, or should not, judge," I said. "I suppose that there's something which she does, or does not, do?"

"It is something connected with her past life, I believe," Lady Naselton remarked.

"Her past life? Isn't it supposed to be rather interesting nowadays to have a past?"

I began to doubt whether, after all, I was going to be much of a favorite with Lady Naselton. She set her teacup down, and looked at me with distinct disapproval in her face.

"Amongst a certain class of people it may be," she answered, severely; "not"—with emphasis—"in Northshire society; not in any part of it with which I am acquainted. I am glad to say. You must allow me to add, Miss Ffolliot, that I am somewhat surprised to hear you, a clergyman's daughter, express yourself so."

A clergyman's daughter. I was continually forgetting that. And, after all, it is much more comfortable to keep one's self in accord with one's environment. I pulled myself together, and explained with much surprise:

"I only asked a question, Lady Naselton. I wasn't expressing my own views. I think that women with a past are very horrid. One is so utterly tired of them in fiction that one does not want to meet them in real life. We won't talk of this at all. I'm not really interested. Tell me about Mr. Deville instead."

Now this was a little unkind of me, for I knew quite well that Lady Naselton was brimming with eagerness to tell me a good deal about this undesirable neighbor of ours. As it happened, however, my question afforded her a fresh opportunity, of which she took advantage.

"To tell you of one, unfortunately, is to tell you of the other," she said, significantly.

I decided to humor her, and raised my eyebrows in the most approved fashion.

"How shocking!" I exclaimed.

I was received in favor again. My reception of the innuendo had been all that could be desired.

"We consider it a most flagrant case," she continued, leaning over towards me confidentially. "I am thankful to say that of the two Bruce Deville is the least blamed."

"Isn't that generally the case?" I murmured. "It is the woman who has to bear the burden."

"And it is generally the woman who deserves it," Lady Naselton answered, promptly. "It is my experience, at any rate, and I have seen a good deal more of life than you. In the present case there can be no doubt about it. The woman actually followed him down here, and took up her quarters almost at his gates whilst he was away. She was there with scarcely a stick of furniture in the house for nearly a month. When he came back, would you believe it, the house was furnished from top to bottom with things from the Court. The carts were going backwards and forwards for days. She even went up and selected some of the furniture herself. I saw it all going on with my own eyes. Oh! it was the most barefaced thing!"

"Tell me about Mr. Deville," I interrupted hastily. "I have not seen him yet. What is he like?"

"Bruce Deville," she murmured to herself, thoughtfully. Then she was silent for a moment. Something that was almost like a gleam of sorrow passed across her face. Her whole expression was changed.

"Bruce Deville is my godson," she said, slowly. "I suppose that is why I feel his failure the more keenly."

"He is a failure, then?" I asked. "Some one was talking about him yesterday, but I only heard fragments here and there. Isn't he very quixotic, and very poor."

"Poor!" She repeated the word with peculiar emphasis. Then she rose from her chair, and walked a step or two towards the low fence which enclosed our lawn.

"Come here, child."

I stood by her side looking across the sunlit stretch of meadows and undulating land. A very pretty landscape it was. The farmhouses, with their gray fronts and red-tiled roofs, and snug rickyards close at hand, had a particularly prosperous and picturesque appearance. The land was mostly arable and well-cultivated; field after field of deep golden stubble, and rich, dark soil stretched away to the dim horizon. She held out her hand.

"You see!" she exclaimed. "Does that look like a poor man's possessions?"

I shook my head.

"Every village there from east to west, every stone and acre belongs to Bruce Deville, and has belonged to the Devilles for centuries. There is no other landowner on that side of the country. He is lord of the Manor of a dozen parishes!"

I was puzzled.

"Then why do people call him so miserably poor?" I asked. "They say that the Court is virtually closed, and that he lives the life of a hermit, almost without servants even."

"He either is or says he is as poor as Job," Lady Naselton continued, resuming her seat. "He is a most extraordinary man. He was away from the country altogether for twelve years, wandering about, without any regular scheme of travel, all over the world. People met him or heard of him in all manner of queer and out-of-the-way places. Then he lived in London for a time, and spent a fortune—I don't know that I ought to say anything about that to you—on Marie Leparte, the singer. One day he came back suddenly to the Court, which had been shut up all this time, and took up his quarters there in a single room with an old servant. He gave out that he was ruined, and that he desired neither to visit nor be visited. He behaved in such an extraordinary manner to those who did go to see him, that they are not likely to repeat the attempt.

"How long has he been living there?" I asked.

"About four years."

"I suppose that you see him sometimes?"

She shook her head sadly.

"Very seldom. Not oftener than I can help. He is changed so dreadfully."

"Tell me what he is like."

"Like! Do you mean personally? He is ugly—hideously ugly—especially now that he takes so little care of himself. He goes about in clothes my coachman would decline to wear, and he slouches. I think a man who slouches is detestable."

"So do I," I assented. "What a very unpleasant neighbor to have!"

"Oh, that isn't the worst," she continued. "He is impossible in every way. He has a brutal temper and a brutal manner. No one could possibly take him for a gentleman. He is cruel and reckless, and he does nothing but loaf. There are things said about him which I should not dare to repeat to you. I feel it deeply; but it is no use disguising the fact. He is an utter and miserable failure."

"On the whole," I remarked, resuming my chair, "it is perhaps well that he has not called. I might not like him."

Lady Naselton's hard little laugh rang out upon the afternoon stillness. The idea seemed to afford her infinite but bitter amusement.

"Like him, my dear! Why, he would frighten you to death. Fancy anyone liking Bruce Deville! Wait until you've seen him. He is the most perfect prototype of degeneration in a great family I have ever come in contact with. The worst of it is, too, that he was such a charming boy. Why, isn't that Mr. Ffolliot coming?" she added, in an altogether different tone. "I am so glad that I am going to meet him at last."

I looked up and followed her smiling gaze. My father was coming noiselessly across the smooth, green turf towards us. We both of us watched him for a moment. Lady Naselton with a faint look of surprise in her scrutiny. My father was not in the least the type of the ordinary country clergyman. He was tall and slim, and carried himself with an air of calm distinction. His clean-shaven face was distinctly of the intellectual cast. His hair was only slightly gray, his eyes were soft, and his mouth was mobile and benevolent. His person in every way was faultless and immaculate, from the tips of his long fingers to the spotless white cravat which alone redeemed the sombreness of his clerical attire. I murmured a few words of introduction, and he bowed over Lady Naselton's hand with a smile which women generally found entrancing.

"I am very glad to meet Lady Naselton," he said, courteously. "My daughter has told me so much of your kindness to her."

Lady Naselton made some pleasing and conventional reply. My father turned to me.

"Have you some tea, Kate?" he asked. "I have been making a long round of calls, and it is a little exhausting."

"I have some, but it is not fit to drink," I answered, striking the gong. "Mary shall make some fresh. It will only take a minute or two."

My father acquiesced silently. He was fastidious in small things, and I knew better than to offer him cold tea. He drew up a basket-chair to us and sat down with a little sigh of relief.

"You have commenced your work here early," Lady Naselton remarked. "Do you think that you are going to like these parts?"

"The country is delightful," my father answered readily. "As to the work—well, I scarcely know. Rural existence is such a change after the nervous life of a great city."

"You had a large parish in Belchester, had you not?" Lady Naselton asked.

"A very large one," he answered. "I am fond of work. I have always been used to large parishes."

And two curates, I reflected silently. Lady Naselton was looking sympathetic.

"You will find plenty to do here, I believe," she remarked. "The schools are in a most backward condition. My husband says that unless there is a great change in them very soon we shall be having a school board."

"We must try and prevent that," my father said, gravely. "Of course I have to remember that I am only curate-in-charge here, but still I shall do what I can. My youngest daughter Alice is a great assistance to me in such matters. By the by, where is Alice?" he added, turning to me.

"She is in the village somewhere," I answered. "She will not be home to tea. She has gone to see an old woman—to read to her, I think."

My father sighed gently. "Alice is a good girl," he said.

I bore the implied reproof complacently. My father sipped his tea for a moment or two, and then asked a question.

"You were speaking of some one when I crossed the lawn?" he remarked. "Some one not altogether a desirable neighbor I should imagine from Lady Naselton's tone. Would it be a breach of confidence——"

"Oh, no," I interrupted. "Lady Naselton was telling me all about the man that lives at the Court—our neighbor, Mr. Bruce Deville."

My father set his cup down abruptly. His long walk had evidently tired him. He was more than ordinarily pale. He moved his basket-chair a few feet further back into the deep, cool shade of the cedar tree. For a second or two his eyes were half closed and his eyelids quivered.

"Mr. Bruce Deville," he repeated, softly—"Bruce Deville! It is somewhat an uncommon name."

"And somwhat an uncommon man!" Lady Naselton remarked, drily. "A terrible black sheep he is, Mr. Ffolliot. If you really want to achieve a triumph you should attempt his conversion. You should try and get him to come to church. Fancy Bruce Deville in church! The walls would crack and the windows fall in!"

"My predecessor was perhaps not on good terms with him," my father suggested, softly. "I have known so many unfortunate cases in which the squire of the parish and the vicar have not been able to hit it off."

Lady Naselton shook her head. She had risen to her feet, and was holding out a delicately gloved hand.

"No, it is not that," she said. "No one could hit it off with Bruce Deville. I was fond of him once; but I am afraid that he is a very bad lot. I should advise you to give him as wide a berth as possible. Listen. Was that actually six o'clock? I must go this second. Come over and see me soon, won't you, Miss Ffolliot, and bring your father? I will send a carriage for you any day you like. It is such an awful pull up to Naselton. Good-bye."

She was gone with a good deal of silken rustle, and a faint emission of perfume from her trailing skirt. Notwithstanding his fatigue, my father accompanied her across the lawn, and handed her into her pony-carriage. He remained several minutes talking to her earnestly after she had taken her seat and gathered up the reins, and it seemed to me that he had dropped his voice almost to a whisper. Although I was but a few paces off I could hear nothing of what they were saying. When at last the carriage drove off and he came back to me, he was thoughtful, and there was a dark shade upon his face. He sat quite still for several moments without speaking. Then he looked up at me abruptly.

"If Lady Naselton's description of our neighbor is at all correct," he remarked, "he must be a perfect ogre."

I nodded.

"One would imagine so. He is her godson, but she can find nothing but evil to say of him."

"Under which circumstances it would be as well for us—for you girls especially—to carefully avoid him," my father continued, keeping his clear, gray eyes steadily fixed upon my face. "Don't you agree with me?"

"Most decidedly I do," I answered.

But, curiously enough, notwithstanding his evil reputation—perhaps because of it—I was already beginning to feel a certain amount of unaccountable interest in Mr. Bruce Deville.

CHAPTER II.

On the Moor.

After tea my father went to his study, for it was late in the week, and he was a most conscientious writer of sermons. I read for an hour, and then, tired alike of my book and my own company, I strolled up and down the drive. This restlessness was one of my greatest troubles. When the fit came I could neither work nor read nor think connectedly. It was a phase of incipient dissatisfaction with life, morbid, but inevitable. At the end of the drive nearest the road, I met Alice, my youngest sister, walking briskly with a book under her arm, and a quite smile upon her homely face. I watched her coming towards me, and I almost envied her. What a comfort to be blessed with a placid disposition and an optimistic frame of mind!

"Well, you look as though you had been enjoying yourself," I remarked, placing myself in her way.

"So I have—after a fashion," she answered good-humoredly. "Are you wise to be without a hat, Kate? To look at your airy attire one would imagine that it was summer instead of autumn. Come back into the house with me."

I laughed at her in contempt. There was a difference indeed between my muslin gown and the plain black skirt and jacket, powdered with dust, which was Alice's usual costume.

"Have you ever known me to catch cold through wearing thin clothes or going without a hat?" I asked. "I am tired of being indoors. There have been people here all the afternoon. I wonder that your conscience allows you to shirk your part of the duty and leave all the tiresome entertaining to be done by me!"

She looked at me with wide-opened eyes and a concerned face. Alice was always so painfully literal.

"Why, I thought that you liked it!" she exclaimed. I was in an evil mood and I determined to shock her. It was never a difficult task.

"So I do sometimes," I answered; "but today my callers have been all women, winding up with an hour and a half of Lady Naselton. One gets so tired of one's own sex! Not a single man all the afternoon. Somebody else's husband to pass the bread-and-butter would have been a godsend!"

Alice pursed up her lips, and turned her head away with a look of displeasure.

"I am surprised to hear you talk like that, Kate," she said, quietly. "Do you think that it is quite good taste?"

"Be off, you little goose!" I called after her as she passed on towards the house with quickened step and rigid head. The little sober figure turned the bend and disappeared without looking around. She was the perfect type of a clergyman's daughter—studiously conventional, unremittingly proper, inevitably a little priggish. She was the right person in the right place. She had the supreme good fortune to be in accord with her environment. As for me, I was a veritable black sheep. I looked after her and sighed.

I had no desire to go in; on the other hand, there was nothing to stay out for. I hesitated for a moment, and then strolled on to the end of the avenue. A change in the weather seemed imminent. A gray, murky twilight had followed the afternoon of brilliant sunshine, and a low south wind was moaning amongst the Norwegian firs. I leaned over the gate with my face turned towards the great indistinct front of Deville Court. There was nothing to look at. The trees had taken to themselves fantastic shapes, little wreaths of white mist were rising from the hollows of the park. The landscape was gray, colorless, monotonous. My whole life was like that, I thought, with a sudden despondent chill. The lives of most girls must be unless they are domestic. In our little family Alice absorbed the domesticity. There was not one shred of it in my disposition.

I realized with a start that I was becoming morbid, and turned from the gate towards the house. Suddenly I heard an unexpected sound—the sound of voices close at hand. I stopped short and half turned round. A deep voice rang out upon the still, damp air—

"Get over, Madam! Get over, Marvel!"

There was the sound of the cracking of a whip and the soft patter of dogs' feet as they came along the lane below—a narrow thoroughfare which was bounded on one side by our wall and on the other by the open stretch of park at the head of which stood Deville Court. There must have been quite twenty of them, all the same breed—beagles—and amongst them two people were walking, a man and a woman. The man was nearest to me, and I could see him more distinctly. He was tall and very board, with a rugged beard and long hair. He wore no collar, and there was a great rent in his shabby shooting coat. Of his features I could see nothing. He wore knickerbockers and stockings, and thick shoes. He was by no means an ordinary looking person, but he was certainly not prepossessing. The most favorable thing about him was his carriage, which was upright and easy, but even that was in a measure spoilt by a distinct suggestion of surliness. The woman by his side I could only see very indistinctly. She was slim, and wore some sort of a plain tailor gown, but she did not appear to be young. As they came nearer to me I slipped from the drive on to the verge of the shrubbery, standing for a moment in the shadow of a tall laurel bush. I was not seen, but I could hear their voices. The woman was speaking.

"A new vicar, or curate-in-charge, here, isn't there, Bruce? I fancy I heard that one was expected."

A sullen, impatient growl came from her side.

"Ay, some fellow with a daughter, Morris was telling me. The parson was bound to come, I suppose, but what the mischief does he want with a daughter?"

A little laugh from the woman—a pleasant, musical laugh.

"Daughters, I believe—I heard some one say that there were two. Why shouldn't the man have daughters if he likes? I really believe that there are two of them."

There was a contemptuous snort, and a moment's silence. They were exactly opposite to me now, but the hedge and the shadow of the laurels beneath which I was standing completely shielded me from observation. The man's huge form stood out with almost startling distinctness against the grey sky. He was lashing the thistles by the side of the road with his long whip.

"Maybe!" he growled. "I've seen but one—a pale-faced, black-haired chit."

I smothered a laugh. I was the pale-faced, black-haired chit, but it was scarcely a polite way of alluding to me, Mr. Bruce Deville. When they had gone by I leaned over the gate again and watched them vanish amongst the shadows. The sound of their voices came to me indistinctly; but I could hear the deep bass of the man as he slung some scornful exclamation out upon the moist air. His great figure, looming unnaturally large through the misty twilight, was the last to vanish. It was my first glimpse of Mr. Bruce Deville, of Deville Court.

I turned round with a terrified start. Almost at my side some heavy body had fallen to the ground with a faint groan. A single step and I was bending over the prostrate form of a man. I caught his hand and gazed into his face with horrified eyes. It was my father. He must have been within a yard of me when he fall.

His eyes were half closed and his hands were cold. Gathering up my skirts in my hand I ran swiftly across the lawn into the house.

I met Alice in the hall. "Get some brandy!" I cried breathlessly. "Father is ill—out in the garden! Quick!"

She brought it in a moment. Together we hurried back to where I had left him. He had not moved. His cheeks were ghastly pale and his eyes were still closed. I felt his pulse and his heart, and unfastened his collar.

"There is nothing serious the matter—at least I think not," I whispered to Alice. "It is only a fainting fit."

I rubbed his hands and we forced some brandy between his lips. Presently he opened his eyes and raised his head a little, looking half fearfully around.

"It was her voice," he whispered hoarsely. "It came to me through the shadows! Where is she? What have you done with her? There was a rustling of the leaves—and then I heard her speak!"

"There is no one here but Alice and myself," I said, bending over him. "You must have been fancying things. Are you better?"

"Better!" He looked up at both of us and the light came back into his face. "Ah! I see! I must have fainted!" he exclaimed. "I remember the study was close and I came to get cool. Yet, I thought—I thought—"

I held out my arm and he staggered up. He was still white and shaken, but evidently his memory was returning.

"I remember it was close in the study," he said—very close: I was tired, too. I must have walked too far. I don't like it, though. I must see a doctor; I must certainly see a doctor!"

Alice bent over him full of sympathy and he took her arm. I walked behind him in silence. A curious thought had taken possession of me. I could not get rid of the impression of my father's first words and his white, terrified face. Was it indeed a wild fancy of his, or had he really heard this voice which had stirred him so deeply? I tried to laugh at the idea. I could not. His cry was so natural, his terror so apparent! He had heard a voice. He had been stricken with a sudden terror. Whose was the voice—whence his fear of it? I watched him leaning slightly upon Alice's arm and walking on slowly in front of me towards the house. Already he was better. His features had reassumed their customary air of delicate and reserved strength. I looked at him with new and curious eyes. For the first time I wondered whether there might be another world, or the ashes of an old one, beneath that grey, impenetrable mask.

(To Be Continued.)

THE SLAVE of SILENCE

BY F. M. WHITE

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CHAPTER XXI.

To go back for a space to Berrington. Heedless of his promise, he had burst headlong

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cried. "He's too dangerous to live. Let us make an end of him. Dead men tell no tales."

"No, no," Mary cried. "You shall not do it. No, no."

"Then go and fetch the police," Sartoris said with a little laugh. "Fetch them in, I say. Let them come here and investigate, and after that you can stand in the dock and give evidence against your own brother. My child, you are free to depart as soon as you like. Go now!"

Mary Sartoris stood there trembling and hesitating. Sartoris wheeled his chair rapidly and dexterously across to her, and then raised his fist in a threatening manner. For a moment it seemed as if he meant to strike the girl.

"Go now!" He repeated his command harshly. "Go at once! Go out of my house and never come back again, you white-faced mewling cat. Pah, you dare not do anything. You are not to stay in the room. Go!"

The girl seemed dazed and unable to exercise her own will. She crept with faltering steps to the door. As she was going out, she turned on eye of affection on Berrington.

"If you will only promise me that there will be no violence," she said, "I——"

"I promise that," Bentwood said in a cringing voice. He was the only man there who seemed to be restless and uneasy and anxious. "There is going to be no violence so long as I am here. Why should there be any violence at all?"

The man asked the question with an eye on Berrington. For some reason or other he seemed very desirous of pleasing the soldier, and yet not offending his comrades. Sartoris laughed.

"Cautious man," he said. "Always be on the safe side. Hang the girl, is she going to stay here all night? Go, I tell you; take your white face from me. Go."

The door closed behind Mary Sartoris, and something like a sob came from the hall. With a sudden fury and new strength Berrington darted to the table again. Once more he might have been successful, but the keen eye of Sartoris was upon him; the cripple seemed to read his thought. Like a flash the invalid chair caught Berrington on the shin, and sent him sprawling across the floor; the chair sped on and there was a sudden click and the room was in darkness. Berrington had a quick mental picture of where different objects were—and he made a dash for the switch. Some great force seemed to grip him by the hands, he was powerless to move; he heard what seemed to him to be the swing and jolt of machinery. Somebody was laughing much as if a funny play was being performed before delighted eyes, with Berrington for the third man of the company, and then the light came up again.

Angry and baffled and disappointed as Berrington was, all these feelings gave way to amazement as he looked around the room. Every sign of a body had disappeared, the room was empty save for Sartoris, who sat smoking a cigarette, with a sardonic smile on his face. All the others had gone, and the body was gone from the table; on the latter was a dark crimson cloth surmounted by a mass of flowers arranged tastefully around an electric stand. Sartoris leaned in an easy, mocking way.

"Miracles whilst you wait," he said. "I just press a button and there you are. You say that you saw a lot of people here and some object on the table. You would swear to that?"

"Being in full possession of my faculties, I would," Berrington said grimly.

"And where are they? There was no lady, there were no people, only my humble, sweet self always glad to see my distinguished friend Colonel Berrington."

Berrington made no reply for a moment. It seemed hopeless to try to cope with the little fiend who appeared to have all the powers of hell behind him. He looked down at the floor as if to find evidence of magic there, but the pattern of the turkey carpet was intact, the big brass-headed nails were in the corners and along the fireplace.

"There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," Sartoris quoted. "As a rule your soldier is a dull man and not gifted with much imagination. And so you have taken this matter up on the principle that Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do. You see that I am in a mood to quote tonight. But on the whole you are not what the world calls a bad fellow. On the contrary, I am. And that being the case, and as I am not supposed to be in the least scrupulous in my methods, it stands to reason that I am likely to get the better of you. Now you are a man of honor, and if you give your word it is as good as your bond. Give me your word that not one suggestion of what has taken place here tonight shall be spoken, and you are free to go."

Berrington laughed as he looked around him.

"Who is going to stop me?" he asked. "You seem to be sure of your ground. If you were not a cripple I would give you the most perfect specimen of a thrashing that you ever had in your life. My word will be passed to worthier stuff than you."

"So you are going to take advantage of my weakness and walk out of the house?" Sartoris asked.

"That is part of the program," Berrington said. "I feel perfectly sure that a bold front would dismay your friends. I wish you good night."

CHAPTER XXII.

Sartoris sat in his chair without expressing any opinion or emotion of any kind. There was just a faint suggestion of a smile on his face as if he were getting a little more pleasure than usual out of his cigaret. He glanced quite casually in the direction of the doorway, and he moved his chair just a little. Then his left hand stole quietly to his side.

"The battle is not always to the strong," he said in quite a gentle tone of voice. "But since you will not give me your word, I must do without it. If you want to go, there is no reason why I should detain you any longer. Good night, sir, and pleasant dreams to you."

Though the words were uttered in quite a simple fashion, there was a ring about them that Berrington did not altogether like. He wanted to flatter himself that he had conquered this murderous ruffian by sheer force of will, as he had done more than once with certain native tribes that he had been sent out against.

But he could not think that he had any kind of right to the feeling. These people had really got the best of him, for they had spirited away that mysterious parcel, and what was more to the point, he had betrayed the fact that he had a pretty good idea of what that parcel was. Why, then, was there this sudden change of front on the part of Carl Sartoris? The thought was uppermost in Berrington's mind as he laid a hand on the door.

Then he reeled back as if struck by some stupendous unseen force. A great pain gripped him from head to foot, his brain seemed to be on fire. In vain he strove to release his hand on the door knob; it seemed welded to the metal. From head to foot the shooting agony went on. With his teeth ripping his lower lip till the blood came, Berrington tried to fight down the yell of pain that filled his throat, but the effort was beyond human power. A long piteous wail of agony and entreaty came from him. It was only when the third or fourth cry was torn from him and he felt the oppression of a hideous death, that the thing suddenly ceased and Sartoris' gentle, mocking laughter took the place of the agony.

"You are not feeling very well," Sartoris called out. "If you are not altogether in a state of physical collapse, will you kindly walk this way. A little brandy will about fit the case."

Berrington was past protest and past flight, for the moment. He seemed to be sick to the soul. There came back to him the vivid recollection of the time when he had lain out in the jungle all night, with a bullet through his lungs, waiting wearily for death in the morning. He flung himself exhaustedly into a chair and gasped for breath. Sartoris watched him as some cold-blooded scientist might have watched the flaying of a live animal.

"Your heart is not nearly so bad as you think," he said. "When the pressure goes from your lungs you will be much better. That is a little dodge of mine which is built upon a pretty full knowledge of electricity. Up to now I have not had an opportunity of giving it a good trial. Are you feeling any better?"

Berrington nodded. The color was coming back to his cheeks now, the painful feeling at his chest was abating. The brandy was going to the right place.

"You malignant little fiend," he gasped. "I should be doing the world a service if I took you by the throat and squeezed the life out of you."

"Well, the remedy is in your hands, though I doubt whether or not a judge and jury would take the same sanguine view of the case. But you are free to try if you like. I am only a mere miserable bag of bones, and you are a strong man. Get to work."

The cackling challenge passed unheeded. Actually there was something about the strange little man to be afraid of. He took up the thread of conversation again.

"You will find that every exit is guarded in the same way," he said. "I have only to set the whole machinery in motion and you are powerless. You are in my hands. If you had touched me when I asked you just now, you would have been dead at my feet. But strange as it may seem, I have a heart hidden in this crooked little body of mine somewhere. I was not always bad, as you know. There was a time when I was another man."

"Never," Berrington said dispassionately. "The seeds of evil were always there."

"Well, let that pass, if you like. A bad man and a bad woman and a dreadful accident have reduced me to what you see. What took place here tonight is beside the mark. The fact remains that you know too much. You stand between us and a scheme that I have been plotting for years. Whether that scheme is connected with Sir Charles Darryll matters nothing. The great point, as I said before, is that you know too much. What are you going to do?"

"Wait my chance and publish my knowledge to the world," Berrington cried.

"And lose Mary for ever? Oh, I know that you are still in love with her, I know that you will never be happy till she is your wife. But you seem to lose sight of the fact that she is strongly attached to me. And if harm comes to me through you, Mary will never become Mrs. Berrington. She will love you and leave you as they do in the stories."

"You cannot detain me here for any length of time," Berrington said coldly.

"I can keep you here till I have finished my campaign," Sartoris replied. "I could murder you, and nobody be any the wiser."

Berrington thought of Field, and smiled. Hitherto he had not tried diplomacy. His contempt and hatred for this man, his knowledge of his own strength and courage, had sufficed for the present. Now it seemed time to resort to strategy.

"You are quite correct, so far," he said. "I know much, I know a great deal more than you imagine. But in taking the risks I took tonight I did not do so blindly. I had my own reasons for attending to the work privately. But I recognized my danger and the man I had to deal with. So, indeed, I would proceed to make my retreat safe. Did you ever hear of sealed orders?"

"Naturally I have. But what have they to do with the present case?"

"Everything. When an admiral detaches a part of his fleet in war time, he sends the detached part away with sealed orders which are to be opened under certain circumstances. If those said circumstances do not arise, then the sealed orders are destroyed. As I do not desire my second in command to know too much, I gave him sealed orders. If I do not return by a certain time, those orders are to be opened. I should say that they are being opened about now. You understand me?"

Sartoris nodded; it was quite clear that he understood perfectly well. But his dry little face did not change in the slightest.

"That was clever," he said; "but not quite clever enough. I should have gone a little further if I had been in your position. What you say merely induces me to get rid of you altogether. But let us go into my room and discuss the matter quietly. Kindly turn my chair around, no, not that way. Grip the handle at the back and push me——"

Berrington heard no more. As his hands came in contact with the brass rail at the back of the chair there came a tremendous blow at the base of the brain, a cold feeling of sudden death, and the crisis was past. When Berrington came to himself again he was lying on a bed in a small room; there was a lamp on a table by his side. He had no feeling whatever that he had suffered from violence of any kind, his head was clear and bright, his limbs felt as elastic and virile as ever. He was like a man who had suddenly awakened from a long sleep; he was just as fresh and vigorous. The bed on which he was lying completed the illusion.

"What new devil's work is this?" Berrington muttered. "Oh, I recollect."

The room was small but comfortably furnished. There was a fire ready laid in the grate; on the ceiling was a three-branch electroller, but the switch by the door had been removed for some reason or other.

On the table by the bed was a very liberal supper, flanked by a decanter of whisky and a syphon of soda water, also a box of cigarets and another of cigars. A silver match-box invited the prisoner to smoke. He took a cigaret.

Clearly he was a prisoner. The window was shuttered with iron, and a small round ventilator; high up, inside the door, was another sheet of iron. There was perhaps a little consolation in the fact that no personal violence was intended. For a long time Berrington reviewed the situation. At any rate he could see no way out of the mess for the present. He smoked his cigaret and ate his supper, and that being done, a feeling of fatigue stole over him. Looking at his watch, he saw that it was past one o'clock in the morning, a very late hour for him.

"I'll go to bed," Berrington told himself. "Perhaps I shall be able to see a way out in the morning. On the whole my diplomacy does not seem to have been a success. It would have been much better if I had not hinted that I had taken somebody else into my confidence."

Despite his danger Berrington slept soundly. Bright sunshine was pouring into the room through the little porthole in the iron shutters as he came to himself. By his side was a cold breakfast, with a spirit lamp for the purpose of making coffee. Berrington had hardly finished and applied a match to a cigaret before he was startled by the scream of a whistle. Looking around to see whence the sound came, his eyes fell upon a speaking tube. His heart gave a great leap as it occurred to the prisoner that perhaps Mary Sartoris was calling him. He crossed over and pulled out the whistle at his end and answered promptly.

"Glad to hear that you have had a good night's rest," came the dry voice of Sartoris. "The bed is comfortable, the sheets well aired, and I can vouch for the quality of the cigars. By the way, as I have seen nothing of your confederate I am confirmed in my previous judgment that you were trying to bluff me. Is not that so?"

Berrington said nothing, silence giving consent. On the whole it occurred to him it would be far better to let Sartoris conclude that he was alone in the business.

"Very good," the dry voice went on; "you are like the curly-headed boy in the song who never—or hardly ever—told a lie. Now there is one little thing that I am going to ask you to do. And if you refuse I shall be under the painful necessity of causing you a great deal of physical suffering. On the table by the side of your bed you will find writing paper, pen and ink. You will be so good as to write a letter to Miss Beatrice Darryll or to Mrs. Richford—whatever you prefer to style her—asking her to call upon you at the address which is stamped on the head of the paper. You are to tell Miss Darryll that she is not to say anything to anybody about the visit—that she is to come at ten o'clock tonight or later. Tell her also that she is to bring the little bunch of keys that she will find in her father's dressing case. You may take it from me that no harm whatever is intended to the young lady. When the letter is finished you will be so good as to push it under the door of your room."

"It is an excellent program for you," Berrington said drily. "There is only one flaw in the little arrangement that I can see—I decline to do anything of the kind. You may do whatever you like and treat me in any way you please, but I shall decline to write that letter. And you may whistle up the tube all day, so far as I am concerned."

An oath came up the tube, then the voice of Sartoris, as if talking to somebody else. The whistle was clapped on, but almost immediately it was removed and another voice whispered the name of Berrington. His heart gave a great leap. Mary was speaking.

"For heaven's sake, write that letter," came the agonized whisper. "I pledge you my word——"

The voice stopped and the whistle was clapped into the tube again.

(To Be Continued.)

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Owl Attacks Bluecoat

New York Press.

There was a terrific battle between Patrolman Henry Martin, of Montclair, N. J., and a big arctic owl in Llewellyn road, near Eagle Rock Way, Tuesday night. The great bird, its eyes glowing like small auto lamps, made repeated dashes at the policeman's face. It was only by the vigorous use of his club that Martin saved his eyesight. The owl withstood several heavy blows and returned the attack. Finally Martin landed a blow on the neck of the bird. The owl fell, hopped away a few feet, and then, recovering itself, flew away. Fearing it would return, Martin hurriedly left that part of his beat.

"It was an uncanny experience," the policeman said. "I don't want to go through it again. There were times when I thought the bird surely would strike my eyes with its long claws or its hooked beak. I have no idea why it attacked me. I had done nothing to incense it. In fact, the first intimation I had that it was in the neighborhood was when it swooped into my face."

The road is wooded heavily at that place, and owls and hawks frequently have been noticed there. Heretofore none of them has been bold enough to attack man, woman, or child. They have preyed on chickens, pigeons, and small birds. Martin was taken utterly by surprise when he felt something strike him heavily on the forehead and felt the flap of wings about his face. Fortunately, he had his night stick in his hand and was in a position to set up a spirited defense at once. Otherwise his eyes probably would have been torn out.

Jerome on the Water Wagon.

New York American.

District Attorney Jerome has joined the ranks of the great and the near-great. He has quit both cigarets and whisky. He says he is going to keep a reserved seat on the water wagon for the rest of his days.

It is only a short time since President-elect Taft announced that he would drink nothing intoxicating during his term of office. He said that with the great pressure of the work before him he could not drink, and that he wanted to live out the four years of his term.

Then came Emperor William, who, shortly after his row with the reichstag, declared that he would drink no more liquor as long as he lived.

For the last three months Mr. Jerome has smoked only an occasional pipe, and he won't even speak of a Scotch highball. As a result he is losing superfluous flesh and his tailor has had to rebuild his clothing.

THREE OF A KIND.

Dropped Coffee, Picked Up Postum, and Health.

The harmful action of caffeine—the drug in coffee and tea—is the same in all cases, it is only a matter of degree.

One person may suffer more in the way of heart palpitation, sour stomach, nervousness, or insomnia, than another, but the poison is there all the time, if one continues to drink coffee or tea.

A Penn., lady and two friends learned the truth about coffee in the same way. The lady writes:—

"About four years ago I had an attack of nervous prostration and a great deal of trouble with my heart. Sometimes feared I was dying, and my doctor seemed unable to find out the cause of my trouble.

"I would frequently wake at night with these attacks and the doctor said there was some constant irritation of the nerves, and he began to think some organic disease was at work.

"One day I was told of a case very similar to mine, and that the woman could find no relief until she stopped using coffee. I did not like the idea of giving up coffee, for I was very fond of it "Having read frequently of Postum, I determined to try it. It certainly made a great change in me. Those spells left me entirely.

"My most intimate friend was afflicted as I was. In fact the similarity of our afflictions drew us together in the first place. When she saw the great change Postum had made in me she tried it and was benefited as I was.

"The beneficial effects of Postum on us two induced a neighbor to follow our example and so we are three of a kind who can't say enough in praise of Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

1,800,000 Nickels in a Day.

New York World.

Last Monday, the shortest day of the year, made a record for the biggest day's travel in the history of the Interborough Rapid Transit company, said General Manager Frank Hedley, yesterday. He was testifying before the public service commission on the need for more stations on the elevated lines. He said that 1,800,000 persons were carried on Monday. This means that 1,800,000 nickels, or $90,000, was taken in by Mr. Ryan's company on that day. Christmas shoppers caused the big increase.

Chinese Euphemisms.

Dundee Advertiser.

One class of Chinese at least will sincerely mourn the emperor's death—the barbers—For 100 days after the proclamation of the death no one is allowed to shave the front part of the head. These people get a close shave as soon as they hear of the death. In most parts of China blue is the mourning color. The emperor, in Chinese formal language, is not allowed to "die" like other people. He "crashes." A prince is said to "demise," ministers of state to "stop," officials to "resign their dignities." Common people alone "die." The same love of euphemism shows itself in other ways. A coffin is spoken of as "the timber of age" or "longevity boards," and when a man insures he does not entitle his survivors to money, but himself to graveclothes and "a charming retreat"—that is, a coffin. To the barbers as mourners should be added the actors, for the 100 days' prohibition extends to the performance of plays.

Says Laugh and Live Long.

St. Louis Dispatch to New York Times.

Francis Brandeweide, of Alton, the oldest officeholder in the city, and now 83 years old, believes he has solved the problem of how to live to be 104. He would laugh himself there. Here is the recipe of this octogenarian and the rule he practices:

Laugh all you can, get hold of all the funny stories you can and think of them, chew tobacco, drink a little beer each day, and always get up from the table hungry.

One year ago, while clerk of the city court, he became ill, and his family despaired of his getting well. Brandeweide asked the physician to call his friends in and tell any good stories they might know. He also demanded that they allow him to have his plug of tobacco close at hand, and that he be allowed to drink a bottle of beer now and then. In spite of the protests of the physicians, order was followed, and Brandeweide began to mend.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE CHURCH FOR THE WORLD

The International Sunday School Lesson for January 17 Is, "The Beginning of the Christian Church." Acts 2:22-47.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

The magazines are "featuring" religion lately, because the editors have discovered that it is the deepest and most widespread human interest. The Church is one of the big concerns of the world: the welfare of the latter is inextricably bound up with the efficiency of the former. The increasing recognition of this truth is in many ways evidenced: and it is significant that the conception of Christianity's mission is gravely changing in our times. The old notion was that the world existed for the church; that it somehow was the divine right of the church to possess the world, and to be served by it. Now everybody admits that the business of the church is to serve the world. A social conception of religion has taken hold of the leaders of our day. We now perceive that Christianity best fulfills its mission when it does the most service for mankind, in all its aspects.

The magnificent audacity of the Church in her beginning is thrilling. No sooner did she receive her credentials than she threw out a daring challenge and invitation to the world. Immediately she began to have business with humanity. Not only was the early church a socialized church, but she was also a world-serving church.

A Man Made Over.

All the books that have ever been written against Christianity cannot explain or overcome the miracle of a transformed life. I look at my friend, a clear-eyed, prosperous, respected member of the community, and a devout and efficient elder in the church: I recall that a few years ago he was a "tough," a low-down, drunken corner loafer, more familiar with the police courts than with the church. And I know that he is an obstacle which Voltaire and Paine and Renan and Ingersoll cannot get over.

So at this dramatic scene on the Day of Pentecost, the outstanding personality was a transformed man, Peter the preacher, who a few days before had been as timorous as a creeping muskrat. Peter, who at the time of Christ's arrest was scared by a servant girl's word, is now pointing his finger at this multitude and calling them murderers! Before we can explain away this birthday of the church, we must explain away Peter, a man made over in the new. The final argument for Christianity is a regenerated man.

Here at the beginning of the story we find the characteristic which may be traced throughout the pages of the narrative; the Book of Acts is the book of boldness. A pursuit of that word throughout this history of Luke's will make an interesting Bible study for an individual, a Sunday school class or a prayer meeting. All the old fear which had hitherto haunted the disciples became as a discarded garment at Pentecost. Thenceforth, with free utterance and sublime fearlessness, the Church bore witness to her Lord and against his enemies. So to this day the Church which is not a brave Church is not worth the salt necessary to preserve it. A truckling, boot-licking, time-serving Church or ministry has lost all the savor of Pentecost and the apostolic type.

When the Preachers Shake Things.

The newspapers told the other day how the government of New York City had closed up more than five hundred moving picture shows because a committee of clergymen had reported that most of them to be immoral and unsafe. That incident is being repeated, in some degree, in many of the principal cities of the continent. There is no power to equal that of the preacher when he speaks sanely and truly upon vital themes of life and conduct. Peter's preaching on the Day of Pentecost shook the multitude as even they had not been shaken by the mighty, rushing wind.

Close to life was Peter's mighty sermon, but it is to be remembered by all who try to get their message, as well as their illustrations and applications out of the newspapers, that this was an expository sermon. It told what the Bible said. Searching the Scriptures for the truth that would fit the occasion, the preacher pressed it hard and close upon the minds of his hearers. There is no substitute for a working master of the Bible. No Sunday school teacher can "prepare" lesson by skimming over a few "helps;" there must be a reservoir of knowledge of what the Bible teaches. Then the "word in season" may be spoken.

The editor of a nationally famous newspaper remarked the other day, "The reason I don't go to church, and other men don't go to church, is that the average preacher has nothing to say worth hearing. But take a man like Dr. Blank; he has something to say, and he never has any trouble about getting a congregation. That statement was too sweeping, yet it serves to stress the truth that the apostolic church was a church with a clear and unmistakable message, aimed directly at the lives of men. It was a fresh message, too, adapted to the times; and the eternal contemporaneousness of the gospel makes this always possible.

A Church's Treasure.

What makes a sermon different from a speech? Why is an ethical culture meeting not like a church service? What has the church better to offer than the lyceum, the debating society, the social club? The answer is found in this epochal sermon of Peter's at Pentecost. He presented not abstract virtues, but a personal, living, supernatural Christ. The apostolic church did not have any such edifices or appliances as we boast today; but she possessed—and tremendously realized—a Christ who could save the world. The theologians would call Peter's discourse a Christocentric sermon. It held up Jesus the Christ. That name was powerful to break down Jewish pride and to overcome all the well-nigh impassable barriers that confronted the early Christian.

Over in Japan they teach ethics in the public schools. But educated Japan is worse, morally, than old Japan. The moral problem of the nation now centers in the schools. It is clearly seen that ethics do not suffice to preserve character or to transform a nation; there must be the vital force of an overmastering religious impulse to give power to the teaching of codes of conduct. This is the treasure of the Christian church; a new life which is in the risen Jesus, and which may be imparted to the lives of men, making them new. The secret of all the conquests of the kingdom is this life-giving Christ whom Peter preached.

A Sensational Church.

Some churches, like some people, would rather be correct than clean. They would rather be proper than pure. They have less fear of violating God's law than they have of transgressing the social code. They are more fashionable than fearless. They abhor anything irregular or sensational. Yet the Christian church started on her career by creating a tremendous sensation which would have been treated with scare heads by every daily in Jerusalem, if Jerusalem had possessed newspapers.

Think of the "news value" of that strange sound from heaven, of the distributed tongues of fire, of the extraordinary performances of the disciples, of the astounding, excoriating, heart-searching and sensational sermon of Peter, as he arose to defend the little company from the charge of drunkenness. Imagine that motley mob of conscience-smitten Jews, crying "What shall we do?" And conceive, if you can, of the baptism of 3,000 converts in a day—an accession of new members that fairly swamped the original company. Sensational? Why, old Jerusalem had never before known anything like it. Moreover, there at once arose, in the midst of the cruel selfishness of the city, a communal life, a group of men and women with hearts made simple and sincere, who suddenly lost the lines of care and bitterness from their faces, and who irradiated a peace and gladness and a good will that staggered the comprehension of all beholders. They had no rancor or vindictiveness toward the slayers of their Leader, but even called them "brethren," so that all the people were constrained to look upon them with favor.

Sensational? Verily. And if the twentieth century church were preaching the gospel that Peter preached, as he preached it, and the present disciples were all living in simple-hearted, humble and rejoicing brotherliness, there would be created a sensation that would not end until all the world had entered the church.

The Tempest.

"He shall give His angels charge
Over thee in all thy ways,"
Though the thunders roam at large,
Though the lightning round me plays,
Like a child I lay my head
In sweet sleep upon my bed.

Though the terror come so close,
It shall have no power to smite;
It shall deepen my repose,
Turn the darkness into light.
Touch of angels' hands is sweet—
Not a stone shall hurt my feet.

All Thy waves and billows go
Over me to press me down
Into arms so strong I know
They will never let me down.
Ah, my God, how good Thy will,
I will nestle and be still.

—Alice Freeman Palmer.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will some one please tell me if pork that has been in the brine for five weeks and then allowed to freeze in the barrel will keep if it thaws out and is then smoked?—B., Ouray.

I would like to know what blackstrap molasses is made from. Is it as wholesome as corn syrup?—M., New Bethlehem, Pa.

TEXAS CHICKENS

W., Plainview, Tex.: Your fowls have a disease common to most warm climates; it is often bad in Florida and worse in Cuba, East Indies, etc. The French government investigated it in the island of Martinique a few years ago and found it was propagated from a germ that infected the rough rice used for feeding. Once started it is contagious from one hen to another, and the feeding of infected rice or any contact with it or the bins or any place where it has been will start it. Write to the Florida Agriculturist, Jacksonville, Fla., for an article published two years or so ago giving the results of the French commission in Martinique, and you will know more than I remember and more than I would have space for if I could.—G. Arkport, N. Y.

TO CURE HAMS

For the benefit of inquiry made through Farmstead columns, I offer this recipe for curing and keeping hams: Take a clean barrel with one head out; bore a hole in the side just above the bottom. Place a pine plug in this, so that it can be pulled out easily. Salt and spice the hams, put them on the bottom and the lean pork on top. Now pour about two quarts of water over this; drain at the bottom and pour the brine over the top about twice a day for about a week. The hams should now be smoked, after which they are placed in a clean box or barrel and bury in dry salt, keeping each ham separate. Bugs and vermin will never touch the meat and it will keep at least two years.—L., Warren, Pa.

FOR ROUP

L., Cambridge Springs, Pa., and W., Fairview, Tex.: If you will have the following prescription compounded at a drug store and follow directions, you will be pleased with the results: Chloride of potassium, 7.5 parts; salicylic acid, 1.5 parts; glycerine, 15.0 parts; plain syrup, 120.0 parts. Mix. When the fowl first shows an indisposition, take a feather, strip down to the tip, dip it in the medicine and swab out the mouth and throat once a day for two or three days. Usually this is sufficient.—N.

MOUNTING ANIMALS

W., Grey's Mills, Ia., and S., Center, Ind.: If you should say, "I have seen a thing called a watch, can anyone tell me how I can make one?" you would be no farther off than you are now. You can be told, of course, there are books on taxidermy published on purpose to teach the art of mounting birds, etc. You can get them from any dealer in minerals, sea shells, etc., together with the tools and material you will need. It isn't every greenhorn that can do it well after he has been told.—G., Arkport, N. Y.

RECIPES FOR CURING MEATS

A recipe which has been tried with good results is as follows: For each 100 pounds of pork take ten pounds of salt, two and one-quarter pounds of brown sugar, an ounce of soda, two ounces of saltpeter, and water enough to pop an egg. Pack the meat in the barrel, with the hams at the bottom, shoulders next, and the sides on top. Boil and skim off the brine, add pepper after skimming. When perfectly cool cover the meat with the pickle, putting a weight on top to be sure that all of it is covered. Let it remain in the brine for four or five weeks, or until salty enough, then take it out and smoke and let hang in an open place. If the meat is dusted well with powdered borax no insect will ever bother it.

Here is another recipe it would be well for every householder to cut out and keep. It is the way the famous Westphallan hams are cured, and is not so difficult but any one can follow: The hams are first rubbed with dry salt and left to drain for twenty-four hours. Four pounds of salt, three pounds of brown sugar, one pound of saltpeter, four ounces of salprunella, and four ounces of juniper berries are crushed and well mixed together and boiled in six quarts of water. The brine is then cooled and skimmed. The hams are taken from the salt and wiped dry, and the cold pickle is poured over them and well rubbed into the meat. There should be enough brine to cover the meat. The hams are turned every second day for three weeks, after which they are taken out and wiped dry and a mixture of pepper, salt and bran is thoroughly rubbed into the meat. They are then smoked a little every day for three months or even more, until completely dry, when they will keep sound and improve in flavor for years.

ALFALFA FOR DAIRY COWS

After completing a special study of the values of alfalfa as a feed for dairy cows, D. H. Otis, professor of animal husbandry at the University of Wisconsin, has made a report. An experiment which he conducted shows that young cows not giving milk can be kept in good condition during the winter and gain from 1.25 to 1.5 pounds per day when fed nothing but alfalfa hay.

"In composition alfalfa is nearly, if not quite, equal to bran, pound for pound," said Professor Otis, discussing its nutritive value. "The excellent feeding value of alfalfa lies in its high content of digestible protein. With an average yield of four tons alfalfa will produce 880 pounds of digestible protein per acre. f this amount of protein is supplied from oil meal, which is usually purchased for its protein content, it would require 1.5 tons, which would cost at present $52.50.

"A summary of feeding trials with dairy cows shows that alfalfa can be made to take the place of at least one-half of the grain usually fed our dairy cows, and as the nutrients added by dairy cows can be produced much more cheaply with alfalfa than with grain, the cost of producing milk may be greatly reduced by its use.

"The cash returns from feeding this crop at the various experiment stations range from $10 to $20 per acre. With four tons per acre these figures show excellent returns from the land devoted to alfalfa. A conservative estimate would indicate that the Wisconsin dairy farmer can increase his profits from 50 to 75 per cent by a liberal but judicious use of alfalfa grown upon his own farm."

POWER ON THE FARM

"Power at low cost is what I require to transform the country into a beautiful garden," asserts the agriculturist. The science of botany, the chemistry of the soil, and irrigation, have been remarkably developed in recent years, but the application of cheap power to clear and work the soil has been to a large extent neglected.

Power from coal drives, looms, machine tools, mining apparatus, propels shipping, and hauls cars, but in agriculture we are almost universally using the animal product, which is so costly that the industry is handicapped.

When one rides through the country, and sees water running down the hillside, dashing against logs and stones, as it displays its power, and nearby one finds the farmer toiling with a team of horses in the hot sun, one is apt to ask: "Why doesn't he wake up and use his brains and let the power running to waste do the work"

One hears about soil in the eastern states being exhausted. This means that only the surface is in an exhausted condition. Practically the great store of elements that can produce the desired plant life has never been touched. All that is required is cheap power to go down and stir up the under soil and thoroughly mix it with surface soil or some organic matter to make it a great plant producer.

The chief reason why cheap power has not been more used for this purpose has been the difficulty of application. The portable steam engine is a nuisance and a makeshift on the farm. The gas engine is becoming popular with the farmers, and has some good features, but there still looms before us the possibility of using good machinery, not what is called agricultural machinery, and cheap power to compel the soil to grow what we want grown, and nothing more.

During certain seasons of the year water picks up much of the valuable humus in mechanical mixture and elements in chemical solution, and rushes away to the sea with them. In the springtime man, with his crude ways and tools, is powerless to wrestle with the onrush of plant life. Occasionally there is found a person with wealth enough almost to control the growth in his garden or on his lawn. After several thousand years we have arrived, perhaps, at a point where the condition of things is such that a man will hold water in its sheds where it falls and make it give up what it has taken from the soil before it is allowed to pass on, and when it does move it will be compelled to drive machinery to do the laborious work of the farm and to irrigate the soil. With ample power and moisture under the sunshine of spring and summer he will force nature to transform the vast quantities of elements stored in the soil into food and fiber to feed and clothe the millions.

Twenty years ago there was the steam engine to transform the energy stored in coal into work. There was the water wheel to enable the people to harness the water powers, but there was no feasible method of transmitting energy at a distance from the steam engine or water wheel.

Edison devised the multiple distribution of electricity, which was the missing link. His invention has made it possible to change the whole method of agriculture, especially in the hilly countries, where there is ample power, if it is properly utilized.

Twenty years and more have passed since Edison solved the electrical problem, and "why has not more been done in the farming line?" some will ask. Much developing has been done and more would have been applied, but for the monopoly of the transmission of power electrically which has forced the industry along certain lines for obvious reasons. A remarkable change has, however, taken place. Fundamental patents have expired on electrical devices. The handicap has been removed. The whole electrical fraternity throughout the United States is now free to move along natural lines. Every large business center can manufacture electrical apparatus for the transmission of energy for its own territory.

With large quantities of power and proper machines at the command of the farmer, stumps and trees can be taken quickly and cheaply from the soil and burned or sawed into lumber or wood. Stones may be pulled from their beds and made into buildings, streets or walls. The soil may be freed from all obstacles to farming tools, made level and mixed with the humus of the lowlands and swamp.

When conditions are favorable in the springtime the ground can be quickly and easily prepared, the seeds planted, and as the warm sun begins to quicken plant life, growth may begin in a uniform way. If a dry spell should come, artificial moisture could be applied, weeds easily eradicated and man, instead of seeing his crop spoiled by weeds or drouth, would witness a continual development.

Machinery could easily be adapted to garden work. With cheap power to do all the hard work, weeds could be eradicated and fertilizers and moisture applied. The suburbanite of moderate circumstances could live in the country, have fruits and vegetables fresh from his own garden, as well as shrubs, flowers and green lawns. Power would be taken from the lighting circuits.

Five hundred horsepower is required to operate a fairly large-sized refrigerating plant for fruit, vegetables, eggs, and butter. There are a great many of these in the cities throughout the United States. Large quantities of coal could be saved by placing these plants on waterpower in the high country, where the produce is raised.

Many farmers have to haul their coal several miles, making their heating and cooking expensive. The hilly country, when there is a large fall of snow and rain, will have waterpower sufficient to furnish electricity, not only for power, lighting and cooking, but for heating.

THE CORN CRIB

The corn crib should be narrow and slatted on the sides and ends so that a free circulation of air is possible in all directions. Some farmers place hollow crates in the cribs as they are filled, so there will be no heating or spoiling in the center of the mass. Heating destroys the corn germ.

PRESERVING MILK

A German patent specification describes a process for preserving milk by removing all dissolved oxygen by means of the addition of a small quantity of ferrous carbonate. The process is based on the fact that freshly-precipitated ferrous corbonate in the presence of oxygen immediatly assimilates oxygen and evolves an equivalent quantity of carbon dioxide. One part of ferrous carbonate is sufficient for 50,000 parts of milk, and the properties of the milk are not altered in any way by the addition

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Plans Church Loan Office.

St. Louis Dispatch to New York Times.

The Rev. Jacob E. Meeker, pastor of the Compton Hill Congregational church, will start the new year with innovations that he believes will add to the effectiveness of his church and hold the interest of his congregation. He announced his plans from his pulpit Sunday.

Beginning next month the Compton Hill church will operate a loan department for the benefit of all worthy persons, regardless of church membership, who dislike the idea of accepting charity. He will not preach a night sermon hereafter more than once each month. The other Sunday nights will be devoted to music, art and literature.

"Preaching in itself is, I believe, greatly overdone these days," he says.

THIS WILL INTEREST MANY

F. W. Parkhurst, the Boston publisher, says that if anyone afflicted with rheumatism in any form, neuralgia or kidney trouble, will send their address to Room 704-5 Carney Bldg., Boston, Mass., he will direct them to a perfect cure. He has nothing to sell or give, only tells you how he was cured after years of search for relief. Hundreds have tested it with success.

Ferns for Human Food.

Dundee Advertiser.

Recent study of the dietary of the Japanese shows that they utilize as vegetables, not only water weeds and lichens, but also several species of ferns. One of the foods regularly supplied to the mikado's troops during the recent war with Russia was a kind of dried fern biscuit. Most of these edible ferns grow wild in the United States, but nobody ever thinks of utilizing them. There is a kind of fern known in Japan as warabi, which sends out roots in all directions to a distance. In spring these rootlets throw up fine sprouts, which are esteemed a delicacy. Poor Japanese obtain from the woody stems of the same plant an edible, starchy substance which they call warabiko. In Normandy the root stocks of this species of fern are ground up and mixed with flour for bread for the sake of their bitter taste, to which, however, one must become accustomed in order to like it. The fibers of these root stocks in Japan are used for making a kind of rope which, while very strong, resists the action of water. It does not rot, as does ordinary rope when constantly wet. A species of fern that grows wild in swampy places in Japan is much valued for food, its young leaves being gathered in late spring by women and children and cooked as a vegetable. This variety is found also in the United States.

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$161 Paid for a Cent.

New York Times.

A curious copper cent, which circulated in New York state in 1787, brought $161 at the Elder sale of rare coins, held at the Collectors' club. On the obverse is the effigy of an Indian, standing, with a tomahawk in his hand, and on the reverse is an eagle. Another relic of the metallic currency of colonial days, a pine tree shilling of Massachusetts, dated 1652, as bright as though struck yesterday, brought $47.75.

United States pattern coins of dollar and other denominations were the feature of the sale. A rare dollar of 1875, a specimen of which is not even contained in the mint collection at Philadelphia, brought $62. This shows the seated figure of Liberty, with her left hand resting on a globe, behind which are two flags and a sheaf of wheat. In the distance is seen a steamship under sail, while on a scroll under Liberty is the motto, "In God We Trust." It is said that this is one of the rarest of the pattern dollars, and that it has never before been offered for sale.

How Schwab and Carnegie Met.

Braddock (Pa.) Dispatch to New York Press.

Old neighbors of Carnegie in Braddock are telling of the first time Carnegie met Schwab and how the young man sang and played his way into the heart of the man of steel. It was in the old days of "Bill" Jones, former superintendent of the Edgar Thomson plant, that Carnegie was living in a little house in Braddock, personally inspecting everything. He was ill with cold one week and could not leave his home. Jones was ordered to report to him every night with the day's work. Jones and Carnegie fought so that one night Jones left the house vowing he would never again enter it. Next night Jones sent Schwab, who was a boy in the office.

"Here, take this report down to the old man. He'll likely snap your head off, but don't mind that."

Schwab took the paper to Carnegie, and while the steel king looked it over he looked at the fine piano.

"Do you play, young man?" said Carnegie looking up suddenly and catching Schwab looking at the instrument.

"Yes, sir," answered Schwab promptly.

"Can you sing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you play and sing something for me?" said the steel man, and without a quaver Schwab went to the piano and began. Schwab had a fine voice and played well on the piano. For one hour he played and sang for the sick man and then Carnegie reached out his hand and said:

"Tell Bill Jones to send you every night with that report. Come early and sing for me again."

And that's how Schwab got his start.

Taft, Repairer of Old Laws.

Success Magazine.

Some years ago, when the former secretary of war was governor general of the Philippines, he was called upon one morning by the Rev. Henry Steuntz, a missionary of the Methodist church, now a bishop. The missionary was in trouble. He had raised the money to build a church and had purchased the site, only to find that, under an old Spanish law still in force, no such building could be erected unless the same was to be dedicated to the Catholic church. It was law handed down from the good old days when church and state traveled hand in hand in the Spanish possessions.

The governor general heard the missionary's statement and said, "Wait a few minutes."

Turning to his stenographer, Mr. Taft dictated a few lines and then handed the type-written sheet to the missionary, saying, "That's all right; now go ahead and build your church."

A few days later the popular governor general found tacked to the front door of his place a huge placard bearing the words in big letters: "Legal Repair Shop; Old Laws Repaired While You Wait."

The joke was public property in Manila for some days, none enjoying it more than the genial governor general himself.

Difficult Repairs.

Thomas A. Edison said recently of aeronautics:

"Within five years the north pole will be reached in a 40-hour trip, and the globe will be encircled in a week.

"But the type of aeroplane must be changed," continued Mr. Edison, "before such fights are undertaken, or otherwise aeronauts will be talking like the automobilist, who, after buying a cheap car, visited the salesroom and said:

"'You said when you sold me my four-horsepower runabout that you'd supply all parts broken.'

"'Yes, sir,' said the salesman.

"'Then,' said the other, 'let me have at once, please, a first and third rib, two front teeth, one left ankle-bone and a nose bridge.'"

A QUEER LETTER.

BY ELIZABETH AYRES

The letter puzzled Gilbert. His was not a mind that could adjust itself to quick changes, and he could not at once comprehend the meaning of the letter he had just finished reading. It was one in which blame was laid upon him as an excuse for the desertion of the girl by whom it was written. She was undoubtedly only vaguely conscious that she was the offender, but the vague consciousness made her uncomfortable and prompted her to seek ease of mind in finding fault with another.

The girl was like a bit of thistledown. She took life in a thistledown way, and had little thought for anything save her own fancies. She was a pretty, dainty, alluring sort of a girl, who danced gaily down the highway of youth, without heeding the yesterdays or the morrow.

It happened that for a time, Gilbert appealed to her fancy. She thought her fancy was love, and, thinking this, she first bewildered, then fascinated, and finally enslaved the slow, serious Gilbert. In the beginning he could scarcely believe in what he called his great, good fortune. He thought it a marvel and an honor that she should care for one who was only an obscure plodder, and had gone but a short distance in making his way in the world. He had no expectation of ever becoming rich. His idea was, that by frugal living and by saving a part of his salary each month, he should accumulate enough money to meet his needs if he lived to old age, at least. This was his idea before Lilian came into his life and awakened in his mind the thought of marriage. Then, the needs of a possible old age were forgotten and Gilbert no longer saved for himself alone. He saved so that he might marry Lilian.

Gilbert was of the kind that leaves youth behind far too early. He acted old while he was still young. Aside from his daily association with his fellow workers, he spent his time almost entirely alone, and went to bed early at night in order to be in good trim for the next day's duties.

The advent of Lilian interrupted his methodical habits. Having never frittered away his affections, when he fell in love with her, he became terribly in earnest. She made the world magnificent to him, and his every endeavor was for their future together. Having this firmly fixed in his mind, he increased his efforts to earn money, until Lilian reproached him for his lack of devotion. She preferred to use the present and fill it with pleasure, instead of making it a foundation upon which to build happiness for years not yet in existence. She realized that Gilbert must work and be saving if they were ever to marry, but, while they were waiting, she wanted to have a "good time," and she wanted Gilbert to have it with her.

"You're much too serious, young man," she told him. "We can settle down when we're married, but now you have to come out and play when I say so."

Gilbert felt the exhilaration of her spirits, and indulged in frivolity to which, hitherto, he had been a stranger. Lilian tinted his life rose color, though he never lost sight of the fact that he must work and save so they might always be together. He began to find it more difficult to be saving than when there was no Lilian. There were so many things she wanted, and they were always things that would help her to look pretty. She never openly asked Gilbert to buy them, but she had a way of letting him know her wishes, and her "way" was irresistible.

Frequently he thought the gifts he gave her were useless and represented nothing more than a waste of money, which meant a longer time of waiting before they could marry. This was Gilbert's view. Lilian's was different. She knew what she wanted and she usually ended by getting it. She wanted Gilbert's devotion and attendance, and she wanted him to give her all the "pretty things" that came into fashion, so Gilbert often went against his better judgment for the sake of pleasing Lilian.

Matters went on this way for a year and more, and their wedding was no nearer than at the time of their engagement. Gilbert was troubled when he was by himself, and, free from Lilian's spell, could think things over. His savings were not increasing. He knew he should love Lilian all the days of his life, but he would not ask her to marry him and take the chances of poverty. Occasionally, she was impatient with him because of his caution, but there seemed nothing to do, only to drift, and this was something foreign to Gilbert's nature.

The state of affairs was altered when Lilian's parents moved to another city. She wept many tears when parting with Gilbert, and she made him promise to write to her everyday, and to visit her frequently. After she had gone, for a while, Gilbert was almost desperate with loneliness, then, gradually, he slipped back into his old ways, except that now he was working and saving for Lilian. It was easier to do both when she was not where he could see her every day, or be interrupted by her demands upon his attention. If Gilbert was relieved by Lilian's absence, it was for the sake of their coming happiness, and so, while he worked, time moved swiftly and hope lightened his labors.

The visits he made to Lilian were very pleasant, but they were disturbing to his routine, and they were expensive. Gilbert did not go as often as he had thought to go, and he did not write to Lilian every day. He knew how well he loved her, and he believed she would understand without repeated protestations. He explained why his visits to her were infrequent. "I am staying away from you now, so that we may the sooner be with each other, forever," he told her.

He was contented enough during the passing of what he regarded as only a temporary separation. This was not the case with Lilian. She missed the atmosphere of love with which Gilbert had surrounded her, and she felt lost without some one who was always responsive to her wishes. When she wrote, she reproached Gilbert for his failing devotion, and she insisted that his letters to her showed he did not love her any longer. Gilbert could not "pour out his soul on paper." He could not think of anything to write to Lilian, outside of what he was doing, and, as the days of his life were monotonously the same, his letters were not especially interesting.

After a time Lilian ceased her reproaches and wrote of the new acquaintances she was making, and of the places to which she was going. Gilbert was happier for the change. He had not deserved her reproaches, but he was glad to have Lilian happy, and, being true himself, he had no doubt of her fidelity.

He was so sure that everything was as it should be, so far as his love for Lilian, and her love for him were concerned, that when he received a letter from her in which she broke their engagement, he was dazed and could not immediately understand what had happened. One paragraph he read over and over. "You promised to write every day, and come to see me very often. You know you have not kept your promise, so of course you can't expect me to keep mine. It is all your fault that you have lost me."

He felt that the face of his world was changing. Lilian had been his whole thought. She was his whole thought now. Why, he loved Lilian, and she had written, "it is all your own fault that you have lost me."

The words rang in his brain, but he could not quite understand their meaning. He flung out his arms in a helpless gesture.

"What a queer letter," he whispered, brokenly, "what a queer, queer letter."

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THE MEXICAN REPUBLIC

Please give a brief history of the Republic of Mexico.—W. M. W. Dowaglac, Mich.

After a series of conflicts and much guerilla warfare Santa Anna proclaimed Mexico a republic. Iterbide, the emperor, abdicated and fled to Europe. Returning later, he was captured and shot. On October 4, 1824, a constitution was adopted, modeled after that of the United States. But the states broke out into a civil war. One president after another was placed at the head of the government only to be deposed. Finally Santa Anna declared himself dictator May 31, 1834. He adjusted affairs and retired to private life. The new congress abolished the states and substituted departments with governors appointed by the president. Texas revolted and Santa Anna, in attempting to put down the rebellion, was captured. Bustamante was made president but more revolts followed and Santa Anna again settled the disputes and was elected provisional president, Bustamante being expelled. But the new congress was so refractory that Santa Anna gave up the task and left Nicolas Bravo in his place. Bravo restored order, but when the war with the United States broke out Santa Anna again came to the front, only to leave the country after the war. He was recalled in 1853, resuming the executive power. On December 21 a congress of his own choosing made him president for life, with the title of Most Serene Highness and the power of nominating his successor. His despotism raised revolts everywhere and he left the capital in 1855. Two years later Comonfort became dictator only to be deposed and expelled. A period of warfare followed, one of the chief participants being Benito Juarez. Juarez's control of the ports which crippled foreign commerce caused a talk of foreign intervention. Louis Napoleon sent some troops to Mexico, a provisional government was formed, and the crown was offered to Maximilian of Austria, in 1863. Maximilian ruled until 1867, when he was shot. Juarez was elected president. His administration was peaceful until 1871 when some of the leaders objected to re-electing him because he had been president for a decade. However, he was elected, but a rebellion was headed by Diaz, and ended only by Juarez's death in 1872. Lerdode Tejado next became president, ruling peacefully and ably until a rebellion broke out which sent him into exile. Diaz was elected until 1880 when he was succeeded by Manuel Gonzalez. In 1884 Diaz was again elected and has been re-elected regularly ever since.

UNITED STATES NAVY

Please give the number of vessels in the United States navy—A. C., Good-Hope, Ill.

The United States has 31 first-class battleships with a tonnage of about 449,796. The tonnage of the United States battleships and armored cruisers is 607,241. The tonnage of the entire United States navy is 770,468. There are about 169 vesels of all classes in our navy.

TRANSCENDENTAL PHILOSOPHY

Please tell what you can about transcendental philosophy.—A. K., Shepherd, Mich.

Transcendental philosophy is the type of philosophy which holds intelligence to be the creative activity in the real world. W. Wright, of Cornell University, says that to be able to understand the use of the term transcendental during the past century, we must refer back to Kant, and his distinction between transcendental and transcendent. Kant applied the term transcendent to such ideas as he believed were beyond the range of any possible experience. On the other hand, he designated as transcendental those elements which were necessary constituents of experience, but which could not come from sense-perception. These transcendental elements are the organizing principles or concepts which are the inherent property of the mind as an active intelligence. Such organizing pinciples could never be furnished by sensation, for it is only by their agency that the material of sensation is built up into comprehensible experience. Thus Kant maintained that the world of actual experience is the result of our own mental construction, and consequently that this world is formed according to the laws of thought. Just because it is such a thought construction Kant did not believe that the world of our experience had true reality. This true reality, he affirmed, exists beyond the world of experience and we can know nothing of it except its existence. Thus for Kant the transcendental represented that activity of intelligence which is instrumental in the construction of human experience, but not in production of reality. Kant's successors of the Idealistic school (Fichte, Schelling and Hegel) rejected his theory of ultimate reality beyond experience, and held that the true and only reality was given within the unity of experience. Since the world of experience is formed according to the active principles of intelligence, these transcendental principles become, in this case, active not only in the construction of experience, but also in the construction of reality. Thus in the first half of the last century, transcendental acquired a broad and important meaning, signifying, in general, a spiritual interpretation of the universe, and more strictly, that philosophy which affirms the activity of reason or intelligence, in the nature and development of reality. Chiefly through the writings of Coleridge and Carlyle, the ideas of Kant and his successors were made known in England. Through the same medium the transcendental philosophy became known to America, and inspired a definite movement in New England. This movement, called New England transcendentalism, was a reaction from the prosaic orthodoxy and utilitarianism of the time toward a deeper and more ideal interpretation of reality. W. E. Channing and Ralph Waldo Emerson were prominent in the inauguration of this movement, and there became associated in it a remarkable coterie of congenial spirits. The Transcendental club, founded in 1886, and Brook Farm, a social community organized in 1840, were immediate results of the movement. The Journal of Speculative Philosophy, founded in 1871, and the Concord School of Philosophy (1879) were later expressions of the same. The philosophy of this school was not systematically set forth, nor was it derived wholly from German sources. It was an idealism, rather vague, and often incoherent, which owed almost as much to the philosophy of Plato and the Neo-Platonic mystics, as to modern thought.

EASTER SUNDAY

Why is not Easter observed on the same date every year?—J. H. D., Helena, N. Y.

Formerly the Jews celebrated Easter on the 14th day of the month of March. The Christians also celebrated it in the same month, but always on Sunday. Sometimes both Christians and Jews celebrated it the same day. This was thought un-Christian, and therefore it was decided that Easter should be on the first Sunday after the paschal full moon (14th day of the calendar moon, or the full moon which happens on or next after the 21st of March). If the full moon happens upon a Sunday then Easter day is the first Sunday following.

THE JEWS

Please tell from whence the Jews came and the number living at the present time.—W. H. B. Burdett, N. Y.

The Jews are, loosely, the Semetic nation that was earlier called Hebrews, Israelites, or the Children of Israel. Strictly, the people are descended from the tribes of Judah and Benjamin. After the destruction of Jerusalem these were scattered throughout the different countries. The number of Jews at the present time is estimated at between 7,000,000 and 8,000,000, about 6,500,000 being in Europe.

BOUNDARIES OF ALASKA

Will you please give the boundaries of Alaska? Which boundary was settled by arbitration, and on what date? I. S., Linesville, Pa.

Alaska is bounded on the north by the Arctic ocean, on the east by the Yukon district of Canada and British Columbia, on the south by the Pacific ocean, and on the west by the Bering sea and strait. The 141st meridian of west longitude forms the boundary with British territory, southward to within 10 marine leagues of the Pacific ocean, the position of Mt. St. Elias, whence the further boundary, adjusted by the decision of the Anglo-American boundary commission of October 20, 1903, runs southeastward at approximately the same general distance from the sea.

A MIRAGE

Will you please tell me the cause of a mirage?—A. C. A., Arbutus, W. Va.

A mirage is a phenomenon extremely common in certain localities, and as simple in its origin as it is astonishing in its effects. Under it are classed the appearance of distant objects as of double, or as suspended in the air, erected or inverted, etc. One cause of mirage is a diminution of the density of the air near the space of the earth, produced by the transmission of heat from the earth, or in some other way; the denser stratum of air thus placed above, instead of, as is usually the case, below the rarer. Now, rays of light from a distant object, situated in the denser medium that is a little above the earth's level, coming in a direction nearly parallel to the earth's surface, and instead of passing into it, are reflected back in the dense medium, the common surface of the two media acting as a mirror. Suppose, then, a spectator to be situated on an eminence and looking at an object situated like himself in the denser stratum of air, he will see the object by means of directly transmitted rays; but besides this rays from the object will be reflected from the upper surface of the rarer stratum of air beneath, to his eye. The image produced by the reflected rays will appear inverted and below the real object, just as an image reflected in water appears when observed from a distance. If the object is a cloud or a portion of sky, it will appear by the reflected rays as lying on the surface of the earth and bearing a strong resemblance to a sheet of water; also, as the reflecting surface is irregular, and constantly varies its position, owing to the constant communication of heat to the upper stratum, the reflected image will be constantly varying and will appear like water ruffled by the wind.

HOW TO MAKE A MIRROR

Can mirrors be made from common glass? If so, how?—H. A. D., Snowflake, Va.

You can make a mirror from common glass. The usual process of silvering a mirror is to coat the glass with an amalgam. For this purpose a large, perfectly flat stone table is provided; upon it is evenly spread a sheet of tinfoil without crack or flaw; this is covered uniformly to the depth of one-eighth of an inch with clean mercury. The plate of glass, perfectly cleansed from all grease and impurity, is floated onto the mercury carefully, so as to exclude all air bubbles. It is then pressed down by loading it with weights, in order to press out all the mercury which remains fluid, which is received in a gutter around the stone. After about 24 hours it is raised gently upon its edge, and in a few weeks is ready to frame. It is desirable to have the lower end of the glass, from which the mercury was drained, at the bottom of the frame.

GAME LAWS OF NEW YORK

Please give the game laws of the state of New York.—O. N., Altmar, N. Y.

The open season for deer is from September 16 to November 1; for elk, antelope, moose and caribou, at all times; from September 16 to December 1, squirrel, grouse, prairie chicken and woodcock; from November 1 to December 1, quail; from September 16 to January 1, duck, goose, swan, plover, snipe and rail. One may not hunt pheasants until 1910.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Please tell in what states and territories of the United States a marriage license is not required.—K. S., Thompson, Pa.

Marriage licenses are required in all states and territories except Alaska, New Jersey (if residents, otherwise required), New Mexico and South Carolina. California requires man and woman to appear and be examined under oath.

ADMISSION OF TERRITORIES

Will you please give the number of inhabitants necessary for a territory to be admitted as a state? Is it required of all territories to have the same number?—J. S., Ulric, O.

The record of the admission of territories to statehood shows that no rule in regard to population has been strictly observed. The nearest approach to a general rule is the requirement that the population of the territory shall be as great as the ratio of representation in congress, but this has often been disregarded, usually for political reasons. Nevada was admitted for political reasons when its population scarcely exceeded 20,000, while Utah was refused admission long after its population exceeded the congressional ratio.

EARTHQUAKES

What causes earthquakes and tidal waves?—R. L. R., Plummer's Landing, Kentucky.

The cause of earthquakes is usually either volcanic action or the contracting and changing of the earth's surface, a process which was evidently far more common and violent in past ages than it is now. The majority of earthquakes take place near volcanoes or close to very marked inequalities in the earth's surface, such as exist where mountains stand on the shores of deep seas. There is still some mystery surrounding subterranean disturbances. High authorities do not agree on all points. The tidal wave is caused by the forcing upward of the ground beneath the ocean. Although it may be only an inch or two, the shock is so quick and violent that is starts a huge wave, usually imperceptible in the open sea, but creating enormous breakers when striking the shallows at the shore. Some of these waves have reached the height of 60 feet.

HAITI

Please tell me how Haiti is governed, and to what race the people belong.—T. H. B., Magazine, Ala.

The Republic of Haiti is administered by a president, elected for seven years, by the house of representatives and the senate assembled in "assemblee nationale." The president is assisted by six ministers or secretaries of state. The house of representatives is elected by the people for three years, and the senate is elected by the house of representatives for six years, but every two years the third part of the senate is renewed. The people are negroes.

B. P. BOWNE

Please give a biographical sketch of Borden Parker Bowne.—E. K. Grafton, West Virginia.

Borden Parker Bowne, educator and author, was born January 14, 1847. Young Bowne graduated from the University of the city of New York, in 1871, and received from that institution the degree of A. M. in 1876. He was a Methodist preacher from 1872 to 1873, and from 1873 to 1875 he studied in Europe. In 1875 he became assistant editor of the Independent and assistant professor of modern languages in the college from which he was graduated. In 1876 Bowne became professor of philosophy in Boston, which he still holds, in connection with the deanship of the graduate school of arts and sciences, to which he was appointed in 1888. In 1881 the degree of LL. D. was conferred upon him by the Ohio Wesleyan university. In 1875 Bowne was married to Miss Nate Morrison.

THE MILITARY ACADEMY

Please tell all you can about the military academy at West Point. How are appointments made, etc.?—B. B. Z., Hemlock, W. Va.

Each senator, congressional district and territory—also the District of Columbia and Porto Rico—is entitled to have one cadet at the academy. There are also 40 appointments at large, specially conferred by the President of the United States. The number of students is thus limited to 523.

Appointments are usually made one year in advance of the date of admission, by the secretary of war, upon the nomination of the senator or representative. These nominations may either be made after competitive examination or given direct, at the option of the representative. The representative may nominate two legally qualified second candidates, to be designated alternates. The alternates will receive from the war department a letter of appointment, and will be examined with the regular appointee, and the best qualified will be admitted to the academy in the event of the failure of the principal to pass the prescribed preliminary examinations. Appointees to the military academy must be between 17 and 22 years of age, free from any infirmity which may render them unfit for military service, and able to pass a careful examination in reading, writing, spelling, English grammar, English composition, English literature, arithmetic, algebra through quadratic equations, plane geometry, descriptive geography and the elements of physical geography, especially the geography of the United States, United States history, and the principles of physiology and hygiene.

The course of instruction, which is quite thorough, requires four years, and is largely mathematical and professional. The principal subjects taught are mathematics, English, French, drawing, drill regulations of all arms of the service, natural and experimental philosophy, chemistry, chemical physics, mineralogy, geology, electricity, history, international, constitutional and military law, Spanish, civil and military engineering, art and science of war, and ordnance and gunnery. About one-fourth of those appointed usually fail to pass the preliminary examination, and but little over one-half the remainder are finally graduated. The discipline is very strict, even more so than in the army—and the enforcement of penalties for offenses is inflexible rather than severe. Academic duties begin September 1 and continue until June 1. Examinations are held in each December and June, and cadets found proficient in studies and correct conduct are given the particular standing in their class to which their merits entitle them, while those cadets deficient in either conduct or studies are discharged.

From about the middle of June to the end of August cadets live in camp, engaged only in military duties and receiving practical military instruction. Cadets are allowed but one leave of absence during the four years' course, and this is granted at the expiration of the first two years. The pay of a cadet is $609.50 per year, and with proper economy, is sufficient for his support. The number of students at the academy is usually about 470.

Upon graduating cadets are commissioned as second lieutenants in the United States army. The whole number of graduates from 1802 to 1904 inclusive, has been 4,338. It is virtually absolutely necessary for a person seeking an appointment to apply to his senator or member of congress. The appointments by the President are usually restricted to sons of officers of the army and navy, who, by reason of their shifting residence, due to the necessities of the service, find it next to impossible to obtain an appointment otherwise.

MILLET

Will you please give a short biography of Millet, a French painter?—C. L. J., Swanton, O.

Jean Francois Millet was born October 4, 1814, and died January 20, 1874. In 1837 he went to Paris where he entered the studio of Delaroche. He painted landscapes in 1848. Millet left Paris, settling in Barbizon, on the edge of a forest, where he devoted himself to the study and portrayal of peasant life. This work suited him as he greatly sympathized with the peasants. His works were at first passed by or misunderstood, but gradually they were recognized at their true value, and he was hailed as the greatest painter of modern France. Since his death his pictures have sold for enormous sums. The greatest of all his paintings, the "Angelus," was bought at auction for $32,000. He has painted a great many famous pictures. During the Franco-Prussian war Millet took refuge in Cherbourg. He returned to Barbizon in 1871, where he continued in broken health, though he still worked on his paintings until his death.

CANDLEMAS

Will the Question Bureau please tell something about Candlemas?—C. B. H., Parsons, W. Va.

Candlemas is an ecclesiastical festival instituted by Pope Gelasius I in 492, in commemoration of the presentation of Christ in the temple, and of the purification of the Virgin Mary. It is celebrated on February 2. It gets its name from the fact that in the Roman Catholic church candles are blessed and carried in procession.

WOOD ALCOHOL

Please tell me how wood alcohol is made.—I. S., Long, W. Va.

To make wood alc

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1909.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Arkansas holds the record. Her peach crop was the first to be killed this year.

"A St. Louis man wears a snake in his hat." Which is far better than having 'em in his boots.

President Roosevelt has saved no money out of his salary, but he has had a bully good time.

Two drinks of whisky killed a Pennsylvania man, and he didn't get it in a dry county, either.

When it comes to a question of relieving sufferers Uncle Sam is not afraid of being precipitate.

The battleship fleet was in the right place at the right time to be of service to earthquake sufferers.

Isn't it possible, under the pure food law, to make persons who sell Ben Davis apples label them?

It may help some weak-kneed brother to know that William Howard Taft is still on the water wagon.

"Is our winter climate changing?" asks a scientist. That is the question our grandfathers used to ask.

Tennessee night-riders who have been convicted will not have their alibis framed and hung on the wall.

Any time congress wants a message from the President all it has to do is to govern itself accordingly.

It is said a hen is at her best when she is three years old. Then that must be when she lays the fresh eggs.

Aunt Carrie Nation is coming home from Europe soon. It is not believed, however, that anybody sent for her.

Mr. Rockefeller has written a line for a play. The time may yet come when he will drift into spring poetry.

If the Indiana legislature goes wrong it won't be the fault of Governor Hanly. He has told it where to get off.

The Brownsville affair has cost the government $15,000, not to mention the energy Senator Foraker has spent on it.

Any state legislature that hopes to pass any freak bills should be reminded that Oklahoma holds the record in that line.

After one year of prohibition in Georgia the tax books show a gain of $4,000,000 in value. It pays to be decent.

Emperor William has fifty-two castles, so that parting with a few of them to get a little pocket money will be no hardship.

The Standard Oil company has promised to be good if Missouri will only let it remain in the state and become an old settler.

President Castro is reported to be doing as well as could be expected, but is not feeling strong enough to return to Venezuela.

The President's declaration that no honest man need have any fear of detectives should have a soothing influence on congress.

The supreme court's decision in regard to that $29,240,000 fine is just like saying "Happy New Year" to the Standard Oil company.

One prophet predicts the end of the world for July 10. But this should not interfere with arrangements for a safe and sane Fourth.

It is easy to fool New Yorkers. They have been eating the flesh of jack rabbits under the impression that they were getting kangaroo steaks.

Prophets who want to make safe cabinet predictions are not going beyond the selection of James Wilson as secretary of agriculture.

The governor-elect of Arkansas declines to be inaugurated on Friday. But is there any luck in being inaugurated governor of Arkansas on any day?

Mr. Carnegie gave away $90,932,000 last year, or more than three times the amount of the fine which the Standard Oil company doesn't have to pay.

An anthropologist declares his belief that man descended from a hog. There are times when a person doesn't have to be an anthropologist to feel that way.

The women of one township in Pennsylvania have set themselves the task of improving the roads. They doubtless hope to make the men ashamed of themselves.

There are more than ninety members of the United States senate, and 390 congressmen, and yet it will be noticed the President has not called for help.

Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, has taken his office for the third time. So far as offices go he has something on Mr. Bryan, who kept the Denver nomination away from him.

Uncle Sam has a bill of something more than $5,000,000 against Cuba for services well rendered. That Platt amendment to the Cuban constitution was a happy afterthought.

But for President Roosevelt, Congressman Tawney might have remained unknown so far as the general public was concerned, but he doesn't seem to appreciate the fact that he has been discovered.

TILLMAN ON DEFENSE.

There is an expression in thieves' slang which describes the situation in which Senator "Ben" Tillman finds himself. He has been "caught with the goods."

The letters sent from the White House to the senate, upon the urgent request of that body for specific instances of the employment of secret service men to inquire into the private business of members of congress, convict the senator of employing his influence as a public officer for the purpose of private gain.

The senator's activities are not punishable in law, we believe. Whatever he did to promote his personal profit was upon the floor of the Senate. The case differs from that of Senator Ralph Burton, of Kansas. The latter was sent to jail for employing his position as a senator to practice before the governmental departments, a practice for which he was privately paid. The offense is more like that committed by Senator Foraker, who accepted money from the Standard Oil company, the recompense for which was presumably his influence to crush legislation inimical to the trust.

Mr. Tillman was careful to inform his agents in the west that whatever he might do in the senate would have no relation with an attempt on his part to obtain the land he desired, which, of course, meant nothing at all, for he did introduce a resolution in the senate, which had no other intent than to throw land into his hands for which he had privately arranged. He announced in Washington that he had no interest in Oregon, yet just four days before that he had written to a real estate agent to reserve eight of the best quarter sections for him. One may take his choice whether to believe Mr. Tillman's disavowal in the senate or his letters to Oregon, signed by him and bearing the government frank.

The senator from South Carolina has committed no crime, no misdemeanor, which would suggest punishment in a court of law, but he has committed an offense against good morals. He has tried to arrange a special privilege for himself. Many persons can forgive him these transgressions who could not overlook his casting the odium upon a young and enthusiastic realty agent who was indiscrete enough to use the name of his client for advertising purposes. The denial made by Senator Tillman well-nigh ruined his factor, caused his customers to doubt his honesty and veracity and injured his "business prospects and political future."

Not all the immense store of vituperation possessed by Senator Tillman can wipe away the stain upon his career. South Carolina may be counted upon to consider a successor with a less flexible code of self-respect when the Tillman term expires four years hence.

A DUTY ON COFFEE.

In order to make up for the loss in revenue which will be caused by the lowering of the tariff schedules, it is being urged in many quarters that a small duty, say five cents a pound, be placed upon coffee. The arguments are somewhat altruistic. It is declared that such a tax would be felt so lightly that no one would be aware of its existence. It is taken for granted that if the importers will not be kind-hearted enough not to raise prices to offset the customs charges, the Brazilian states which exact an export duty will remove it to prevent the loss of the greatest coffee market in the world. The revenue which might be derived from coffee might reach, it is said, fifty to sixty millions of dollars annually.

Congress will be called upon to provide for an income with which to conduct the governmental business, but it should be extremely wary about placing a further tax upon the living necessities, now fairly close to the point of burden. The United States imports about 950,000,000 pounds of coffee every year, the per capita consumption being in the neighborhood of eleven pounds. To believe that importers would suffer their loss without grumbling or attempting to make the consumer pay the duty is to have a fine faith in one's fellowmen, but it hardly speaks from a knowledge of the ways of importers. As for Brazil she can feel certain that the taste for coffee is so well fixed in this country that she is in no danger of losing this market. A duty of five cents a pound upon coffee would increase the cost of living about $3.30 for every family, if the distribution were equalized, but the fact is the greater consumption of coffee is among the poor and the wage earners, not in the families of the well-to-do. Thus the increased costs would fall upon those who are the least able to bear it. The government would gain a revenue by a taxation upon the working classes, an intention altogether at variance with the policies of the Republican party, which is anxious that the luxuries of the rich, not the necessities of the poor, shall pay the costs of government.

THE NEWMAN RESIGNATION.

There have been rumors for many years that William H. Newman was having an unhappy time of it ever since he had gone out of the west and taken the presidency of the New York Central. When he resigned the other day these stories were given new stimulus and, though denied, have been supported by so authoritative an organ as the Railroad Age Gazette.

Mr. Newman was a singularly strong man, with rare ability and insight. His courage was one of his most marked possessions and received an extraordinary test when Mr. Newman was made vice president of the Great Northern Railway. Under James J. Hill he managed to prove the reasonableness of his arguments and the wisdom of his policy in spite of the fact that his superior is probably the most autocratic character in the railroad industry, brooking no interference and having little respect for other ideas except those of which he himself is the author.

But on the New York Central Mr. Newman met with something new in his experience, an incompetent, a vacillating, dollar-pursuing board of directors. The Railway Age Gazette mentions such discouraging features as the purchase of the Boston & Albany which has proved a great burden, and the relief of members of the family by the buying in of bad investments. The Central was among the very last to adopt safety appliances, and then only after great loss of life and a storm of public indignation. The board had consistently ignored the advise of the traffic managers, if it did not flagrantly disobey the law. It is hinted that a considerable proportion of the board is "physically incompetent, mentally unfit, or largely non-resident." It is interesting to recall that the chairman of the board of the Central is Chauncey M. Depew who has gained notoriety in other directions.

It is a sad thing that the career of such an able man as Mr. Newman should be rounded out—if it could be called rounding out—under such circumstances. In the west he dealt with men, however wilful and obstinate they might have been. In the east he learned the bitterness of association with the jelly-hearted, the shiftless and stupid.

GUARDING THE CZAR.

A large and growing profession in Russia concentrates its energies upon the discovery of plots against the life of the czar. It is not improbable that at some date many years ago Nicholas knew how many times attempts had been made to scatter his august personage to his fathers. But he has surely lost all count now. To keep tab upon them would be a task such as the German chemist involved himself with. He wrote one volume on coal tar products and nine volumes as appendices.

There are days when news is very dull on yellow journals. Then everyone gets busy at making news. So it must be with the ferrets who concern themselves with the subject of treason against the emperor. They must realize the necessity of making a showing. A blank report might indicate a lessening of vigilance. Lest their offices should be considered superfluous and themselves cast out into the world to earn a living, heads are put together, it is suspected, and plots are hatched, disclosed and "nipped in the bud," all within a few minutes.

The czar doubtless felicitates himself daily upon the possession of such zealous guardians of his peace and health.

SICILY AND THE MARKET.

It is a curious fact that the news of the stock market has made no mention of the catastrophe in Sicily. Apparently investment in the island and in southern Italy was not listed on the markets of London, Paris, Berlin and New York. Such underwriting as was done in the territory involved was probably carried by local companies.

The situation is in marked contrast to that which arose just after the disaster in San Francisco. At that time leading stocks, many of them having apparently no interest on the Pacific coast, fell off alarmingly, one or two as much as twenty points. The reason was that the insurance companies, heavy purchasers of securities, faced a loss close upon two hundred millions of dollars. The money required for rebuilding the city absorbed immense funds which might otherwise have gone into the stock market. Investors who suffered by the earthquake threw their share holdings into the market and hastened the depression. A hundred influences carried prices down and made it difficult, for some time, for them to rise to normal planes.

Brokers are recalling that the Chilian earthquake failed to shake the market. Yet many months afterward the analysts of the panic declared that the leveling of the city of Santiago played an important part in bringing about a financial depression.

It is not improbable, then, that the Sicilian earthquake might, in a round-about way tend to hold back the recovery of prices of the European shares most actively dealt in. That it can affect the stock market in this country, except mildly, is doubtful. The wave of confidence is a substantial one. The era of prosperity upon which the United States is entering bears little relation with affairs abroad. It is a matter of great crops, of renewed courage and increased orders for material for home consumption.

CONGRESSIONAL WRATH COOLS.

The House of Representatives has decided not to nurse its anger longer. It is going to forgive the President. Bygones shall be bygones and, just for the form of it, Mr. Roosevelt will be gently rebuked for his unfortunate phraseology in the matter of the secret service The house wishes that he should depart from the White House with his feelings as little humiliated as possible

The fact is the House has heard enough of the secret service. It has seen all the messages from the executive mansion that it is prepared to stand without consulting specialists in nerve diseases. Any more communications, explanations or advice borne by the President's secretary will not be welcome. It is reported that Representative Tawney laughed when he found himself promoted into the Annanias club. He has a fortunately flexible physiognomy. There is a large question whether the folks in the first Minnesota district will take the elevation of their prized statesman quite so philosophically. The President is said to stand very well out in that community. The point with which the House is most troubled now is whether it is wise to invite any further revelations, the news having gone out that particulars will be gone into if more words on the subject are considered desirable—which, in truth, are not at all so considered.

It is noticeable that when men fall from high estate, when they cease to be a factor in their circle or of use to anyone or to anything, the last thing they release from their clutch is a sense of their importance. They hold to their dignity as if it were the one thing worth while, as if honor and conscience and pride could be well sacrificed, if only an appearance of consequence might be made before the world. The kindliness of people permits of the sham. But it would be foolish to suppose that America cares to have her representatives ape the manners of the shelved and senile. A lot of dust has been kicked up over outraged dignity and quite as much is being raised in an effort to cover the retreat. The House is sorry, but isn't brave enough to admit it.

CHARITY AND PEACE.

It is the peculiar province of America to amaze the world and to set it an example in rapidity of action and in daring. No other country, not even Italy herself, responded to the call for aid for the sufferers in Calabria and Sicily as did the United States. Congress voted $800,000 and private contributions to the Red Cross society amount to more than $400,000, the sum of $136,779 coming in in a single day.

It is when humanity stands aghast before the sight of an appalling disaster that the heart is encouraged to believe the brotherhood of man may really come to be. Pity and sympathy move us as no threats can, no warnings, or appeals to the cold logic of the mind. The magnificent practicability of the Red Cross organization, its well-oiled machinery and readiness, made possible only by the goodness of men and women, become apparent at such a moment. Knowing nothing of religious prejudice, recognizing neither politics nor influence, it enters hovel and palace, moves in the wake of armies, follows the path of epidemic and plague, succors the starving, without thought of self, or of the building of any institution except that of charity.

Sometimes it seems as if there were a note of prophecy in the ministrations of the Red Cross. Content it is now to heal the sick, relieve the famine-stricken and bind the wounds of those upon the battlefield. But will it always be content with merely trailing the gods of war or cooling the brows of the ailing or feeding the hungry? Will it not, as it grows in strength and numbers, seek to prevent such ills as are preventable? It has recently undertaken to aid the forces which are trying to stamp out tuberculosis. Money collected by the society through the sales of the Christmas stamps is being so expended. The society may reasonably be expected some day to interfere between nations to save the shedding of blood. And while this is no part of its avowed purpose, the principle is in exact line with modern thought, prevention before cure. By bringing its power as an organization into play it should be able to force cities to clean their streets and carbolize their slums when epidemic is threatened. If it can promote peace it can, at the same time, suggest the employment for humanitarian purposes of funds now placed in armaments. "If I had my way," said James J. Hill, "I would build at least one warship less a year and with the five million dollars saved I would establish one thousand schools of agriculture." Diversion of the sort may be a dream, but the Red Cross may some day try to make it a reality.

No country more than this is so generous in giving. It has never failed to respond to the plea of the needing. And in America, too, the Red Cross society is strongest. Is it not probable that the first definite signs of an altering policy in the association will be noted here?

PROSPERITY FROM THE WEST.

The great crops raised by the farmers in the west, the fact that the agriculturists have turned millions of dollars into the local banks and that they have been most liberal buyers of implements and general merchandise, has put the west in a most enviable position. In fact, in many parts of the country to the west of the Mississippi, the railroads and the merchants, report conditions of business upon a plane with the best months of 1907.

Nothing could do more than this to direct the attention of the east to the great wealth of the newer sections. It should bring to the realization of eastern financiers that the future prosperity of the nation will depend largely upon the state of the income of the farmers on this side of the Appalachians. The industrial plants, great as they are, alone cannot keep this country prosperous, or shipping, or railroad transportation. But after such crops as those raised last fall, panics, however severe, cannot have long life, money cannot remain locked up or investors fearful of their principal.

A canvass was recently taken among the business houses of Chicago to learn how much of an improvement has been made since the national election. Nearly every man interviewed said the increase was all that could be asked. The movement of the crops and the marketing of live stock had caused orders to flow in upon Chicago, in many cases at a rate not without embarrassing results, since the wholesalers had not counted upon so rapid a restoration of confidence. The year 1909, most of the business men thought, would equal 1907 in prosperity, and might even excel the conditions reported in the early part of the panic year.

A great debt is due the farmers. They have brought back, or are bringing back, prosperity, which our wonderful resources should make an everlasting heritage.

CHINA AND PROGRESS.

Upon their face the changes in the ministry at Peking appear a hard blow to progress, a victory for the reactionaries. But it is doubtful if, at this late day, China can be thrown back to its old empire. Not all the dismissals of broad-minded men from the cabinet, not all the elevation of officials friendly to the ancient regime can halt the passing of outworn customs and policies.

Only those who have been on the ground can realize the tremendous upheaval which has taken place in the country in the last few years. Enormous strides have been made in bringing Occidental methods into the business and government of China. The traveler cannot penetrate a remote province without meeting with the evidence of Japanese and German and English influences, merchants, machinery, schools, soldiers, railroad officials and plantation superintendents. Hundreds of newspapers are being published where none was printed before. Nearly all of them are supported by the reform element. Chinese who have studied abroad have acquired offices, western ways of agriculture have been adopted, and a thousand accessories of European and American civilization have been borrowed.

China is tremendously unwieldly. The people are extremely hesitant to make changes so long as life has been bearable under the scheme of things laid down by ancestry. Corruption has had a recognized standing in official circles. The country winked at it, looked upon it as a necessary part of business. Indifference has been another wall against the introduction of more enlightened methods. Besides all this, and infinitely worse, was the fact that one-fifth of the population was addicted to the opium habit. If anyone feels sceptical of the real intentions of China to rehabilitate herself he has only to conceive the labor undertaken to free the country of the terrible curse. The banishment of corruption, the improvement of schools and the establishment of an army and a navy are but child's play beside this great reform. Within ten years the empire hopes to bring about the destruction of the last poppy plant, the closing of every avenue to the trade in opium and its derivative drugs and the abandonment of the vice by the greater number of those afflicted. This is a task that the most daring of western nations would hesitate about beginning, yet China already reports progress.

It must be remembered that the emperor and his advisers are but set pieces in the real government of China. The provinces are autonomous, several of them entirely independent and two or three quite free of any levy of tribute. The ball has been set rolling in China. A ministry of reactionaries cannot stop it now.

TAFT AND THE CHURCH.

"It comes over me every once in a while, when I am charged with accomplishing something, how absolutely essential it is that we should have the influence of the church behind everything we do."

Such is the sentiment of William H. Taft, President-elect, expressed in a recent address. Frequently, during the late campaign, Mr. Taft was accused of being an atheist. Scarcely a day passed that The Blade did not receive inquiries regarding his religion. At times these inquiries poured in in great numbers and some have trailed along since the close of the campaign. Many were answered, but to reply to all seemed a never-ending task.

In the paragraph quoted Mr. Taft has expressed his views in an unmistakable way, and there can be no doubt of his faith in the moral influence of the church.

Mr. Taft's simple statement should be satisfying to persons who were honestly disturbed by rumors set afloat during the campaign, while at the same time it is a rebuke to those responsible for malignant accusations against him.

MOVING PICTURE MERGER.

Nothing could more puzzle the citizen of a quarter century ago than such an announcement as the one made in the newspapers yesterday, that the makers of moving picture films had consolidated. Here is a business, so tremendous the promoters floated a capital of $15,000,000, that is the growth of only a few years. Nothing more illustrates the swiftness of the changing times than this.

It seems only a short while ago that Thomas A. Edison made the announcement of the virtual perfection of his invention. There was a struggle over nomenclature. Cinematograph was offered. It was followed by kinetoscope. Biograph lives as a technical distinction meaning the pictures made in France. The English name, moving picture, triumphed at last, which was fortunate and a better choice than the final decision of many other descriptive terms. At first the machine was only a curiosity, one that hurt the eyes excessively because of a constant flickering of light which showed through cracks and imperfections of the film. But this defect was overcome. The picture shows grew in popularity. They became a competition with which the theatres were compelled to figure. A few of the more daring managers have entered the business themselves and given over their playhouses solely to the display of the pictures.

The Nineteenth century has been described as the age of marvels. The Twentieth bids fair to give it, by comparison, an appearance of placid quaintness.

A PROMISE TO BEHAVE.

There has been nothing more interesting in the current news than the evidence of a new point of view in the outlook of the Standard Oil company toward the public.

Since its promotion and growth to power, the corporation has considered the world its oyster, opening it with such tools as lay at hand, force, threats, money and politics. That it might have succeeded without the employment of questionable, and in some cases illegal, means no one probably could say. Sufficient that it has gained its ends by fair or foul. In the course of the days an impatient people tired of trickery, wearied of purchased legislators and public officials, and grew angry with knowledge that the sin of disloyalty had been spread in the offices of competing companies. The Standard first refused to pay attention to the attacks upon its integrity, then set in motion its oiled machinery of legislation and office, finally appearing in court with elaborate defense. Between the time that the first stones were thrown at it and the hour when the Standard pleaded for a retrial the country beheld many changes in the attitude of the higher officials toward the people in general. John D. Rockefeller came out of his shell and delivered an endless bombardment of platitudes and flatteries. H. H. Rogers dropped his arrogance and savagery, and was stung into retorting to the charges of his critics. John D. Archbold employed a press agent and attempted to prove that the Standard Oil company was an agent of righteousness and a flaming symbol of modern enterprise.

The other day the attorneys of the company filed a plea in the supreme court of Missouri that was almost pitiful, it was so meek and so wanting in the usual declarations that the Corporation had done nothing wrong, or could do nothing wrong. A promise was made that if the Standard were permitted to do business in the state again all the laws and all the regulations of deportment would be obeyed. No further attempt would be made to gobble up all the business, or to maintain prices by reason of possession of a monopoly. Officially the action asks for a rehearing of the case. In fact, it is a pledge that if the order is modified the company will behave itself properly. All it wants is another chance.

The Standard Oil company has certainly beheld a great light at last.

THEOCRITUS' VILLAGES GONE.

Between Messina and Cantania are a score of villages—or were until the great earthquake—which have held a greater measure of fame than half of the largest cities upon the American continent.

When Sicily was Grecian territory there was born at Syracuse, upon the east coast, the poet Theocritus, who became known in the history of literature as the greatest writer of verse of the Alexandrian period. His poetry is descriptive of the beautiful hillsides of the land torn and mangled by the earth shocks of last week. Students and lovers of the Doric idylls of Theocritus have made pilgrimage for a score of centuries to the villages which he made immortal. His lines are still models of the pastoral verse. A touch of local color appears in the song of Thyrsis:

Begin, sweet maids, begin the woodland song.
The voice of Thyrsis, Etna's Thyrsis, I.
Where were ye Nymphs, oh where, when Daphnis pined?
Forget, sweet maids, forget your woodland song.
"From thicket now and thorn let violets spring.
Now let white lilies drape the juniper,
And pines grow figs, and nature all go wrong;
For Daphnis dies. Let deer pursue the hounds,
And mountain owls outsing the nightingale."

FLIRTING WITH PEACE.

An odd message has come from Honduras. The people of that republic, so it is declared, are weary of war. This is like saying that Damon and Pythias have fallen out, that the Pittsburg councilmen have turned their backs upon the money bag, that the Kentucky colonel has declined to accept a barrel of celebrated Bourbon.

It is a fact known to the confectioners that when they employ a new clerk she has a very pleasant time of it for a day or two. She minces less and less at the candies until, in the course of about a week she would break engagement with a sweetheart who sent her a box of chocolates. So it may be with the populace of Honduras. It has been having too much of its favorite sport. It is now interested in the dull, but remunerative, pursuit of the blessings of peace. The native takes his siesta—while the women plow the fields—happy to feel he will not be wakened by the musketry of guerrillas, pleased that only one set of tax collectors will have to be turned away in a single season. But war, or what passes for war in Central America, is indigenous to the soil. It is a growth that cannot be weeded out by a temporary weariness, or satiation.

Just as the winding road calls to the reformed tramp, as the spring awakens a thirst for bloodshed in the plains Indian, so is war a primeval, fundamental fixture in the breast of the Central American. He likes to go potting at enemies from the shelter of ferns or adobe walls. He enjoys following a gold laced general as a mule loves to trail after a white mare. Declarations of war, pronuncimentos pasted upon the walls, are as sweet zephyrs in the nostrils of the little brick-colored Honduran. If it is a fact that he is turning his hand to something akin to work it must be an obsession which foreigners resident in the country had best watch with anxiety. When the explosion comes some one is very likely to get hurt. A palace or two may go up in smoke, warehouses and wharves be looted and concessions be torn to shreds.

We fear that peace will never be able to take out citizenship papers in Honduras.

AN UNFAMILIAR KIND.

A new sort of Arctic explorer arrived home the other day. He is Ernest De-Koven Leffingwell, who says that when he has a home it is in Illinois. Where Mr. Leffingwell differs from all other explorers, chance visitors to the ice wastes, whalers, prospectors and parlor geographers is that he declares he suffered no hardships and had rather a good time of it.

Yet you must not believe that Leffingwell has seen nothing of Arctic life. He has not only beheld a good deal of that, but also a want of life. He was one of the Mikkelsen expedition organized three years ago to hunt for a fabled continent in the sea to the north of Alaska. About the middle of 1907 his companions returned to civilization leaving Leffingwell alone in a hut made out of the wreck of a vessel which had been crushed in the ice. There he stayed through the winter and into the following summer, collecting geological and natural history specimens, mapping the barren coast line and studying the country as well as an austere climate would permit. He journeyed for a hundred miles along the shore on either side of his little shelter and wandered back into the interior for two hundred miles. A trip was made out into the frozen sea in search of the land of which the Esquimaux had legends and which a few chart makers had put down upon their maps. But no sign was met with which would indicate the presence of a large body of land.

Only twice after the rest of the expedition had departed for home did Leffingwell meet with human beings. In one of his trips he found a family of Esquimaux who had wandered into Alaska from some indefinite place to the eastward in search of new fishing grounds. And once two white prospectors came along, men who faced the most rigorous and most lonely parts of our possessions in the belief that they might possibly discover a new Klondike. They had been at it for a long time and seemed determined to stay until they found something worth while.

But of hardships Leffingwell declares he saw nothing except that he ran out of tobacco. Here, we think, is a new species of Arctic explorer. It seems very strange indeed that there should be any such traveler who has no harrowing tales about the low temperature and the fearful loneliness of the plains of ice, snow and black rock, no exciting experience with polar bears to narrate. If Leffingwell writes a book the sales would be greatly augmented if he should entitle it "A Year Alone in the Arctic—Hardships?—Nope."

One year's prohibition in Birmingham, Alabama, reduced the deaths from acute alcoholism from 15 to 0, and broken backs from 9 to 1. Whether the nine broken backs of 1907 can be attributed to the drink habit is a question. Anyway, the reduction is worth noting.

Praise.

To write a verse or two is all the praise
That I can raise.
Mend my estate in many wayes,
Thou shalt have more.

I go to church; help me to wings, and I
Will thither flie;
Or, if I mount unto the skie
I will do more.

Man is all weakness; there is no such thing
As prince or king;
His arm is short, yet with a sling
He may do more.

A herb distilled and drunk, may dwell next doore,
On the same floore,
To a brave soul! Exalt the poore,
They can do more.

O raise me then! Poore bees that work all day,
Sting my delay,
Who have to work as well as they,
And much, much more.

—George Herbert.

THE EDGE OF THINGS

"Bishop Potter," said a New York clergyman, "was progressive, but he thought that some churches went too far in their effort to attract the public.

"He was talking to me very seriously one day about churches that give moving picture entertainments, and hire actors and opera singers, and have billiard rooms and allow smoking—and all of a sudden he broke off with a laugh.

"'Why, Jim,'' he said, "if this keeps on things will come to such a pass that when the wife, putting her head out of the window at 3 o'clock in the morning and sternly asking her husband where he has been, will be met with the startling reply:

"'I been—hic—to church,' m'dear.'"

Mark Twain was talking about the famous robbery in his beautiful country house.

"Had I been living in Hartford," he said whimsically, "some of my Hartford friends would certainly have accused me of robbing myself. They had a poor opinion of me in that town.

"Marshall Jewett, the ex-Governor used to take up the collection in our Hartford church. They never asked me to take it up. I fretted a good deal over this matter.

"'See here, Jewett,' I said one day, 'they let you take up the collection every Sunday, but they would never let me do it.'

"'Oh, yes, they would,' said Jewett—'that is, with a bell punch like the horse car conductors use.'"

"The finest political speech I ever heard," said a Pittsburg man, "was made by a German farmer up in Berks county, Pennsylvania.

"There was a meeting in a country schoolhouse, and after the speeches a leading German was called on for a few remarks. He said: 'Fellow citizens: We haf hert d' chin music, yes! Und d' time has now come ven ve must all git togeder und undo dat vich ve haf not dit. All git togedder und roll up such a Democratig majority in Berks coundy that it vill roll und roll und roll until it rolls all ofer Berks county, all ofer d'state of Pennsylvania, all ofer the United States, vill roll across d' ocean and vill roll up to Queen Victoria, vere she is sitting on her throne, und she vill say: 'Good gracious! vot a Democratig majority Berks coundy dit roll up!' "—Saturday Evening Post.

It was on a lonely road in the Tennessee mountains. A weary rider was slowly making his way up the steep mountainside, pausing now and then to rise in his stirrups and look about in search of some sign of civilization. Suddenly a turn of the road brought him face to face with a lank, sallow-faced mountaineer, seated upon the top rail of the snake fence which bounded a poor little farm which had found lodgment on the mountainside. The rider paused. "Can you tell me how far it is to Big Stone Gap?" he inquired.

The mountaineer's lips moved in answer, but no sound reached the rider's ears. He moved over nearer to the fence and repeated thre question. This time he could bare distinguish a whispered word or two in the farmer's answer.

"What's the matter with you?" he inquired, dismounting and walking over to the fence where the old man sat. "Can't you talk?"

The old man looked pityingly at his questioner for a moment, and then, climbing down from his seat on the rail, he walked up to the traveler, and, putting his grizzled face close to his ear, whispered hoarsely:

"Yis, I kin talk, but the fact is, stranger, land is so poor in these parts that I kain't even raise my voice."

Two ladies were sitting in close conversation in a hotel parlor. One said to the other: "Are you married?" The second answered, "No." The second then asked the first if she had been more fortunate, and she said no, she too was on the single list, and added: "Strange, two such estimable women as ourselves should have been overlooked in the great matrimonial market!" The second then pointed out a lady who had been widowed four times, two of her husbands having been cremated. "That woman," she said, "is plain and uninteresting, and yet she has had them to burn."—Harper's Weekly.

Thomas A. Edison said recently of aeronautics:

"Within five years the North Pole will be reached in a forty-hour trip, and the globe will be encircled in a week.

"But the type of aeroplane must be changed," continued Mr. Edison, "before such flights are undertaken, or otherwise the aeronauts will be talking like the automobilist who, after buying a cheap car, visited the salesrooms and said:

"'You said when you sold me my four horse-power runabout that you'd supply all parts broken?'

"'Yes, sir,' said the salesman.

"'Then,' said the other, 'let me have at once, please, a first and third rib, two front teeth, one left ankle bone and a nose bridge.'"

A gentlemanly looking peddler entered a business man's office and coughed slightly to attract attention. The occupant of the office kept at his work until he reached a convenient stopping place, and then turned abruptly to his caller. "Well," he asked, "what can I do for you?"

"I am introducing," the peddler began, "a patent electric hairbrush"—

"What do I want with a hairbrush?" growled the business man. "Can't you see I'm bald?"

"Your lady, perhaps"—

"Bald, too, except when she's dressed up."

"Yes, sir. But you may have at home a little chil"—

"We have. It's one month old and quite bald."

"Of course, at that age," said the peddler. "But," he persisted, "maybe you keep a dog?"

"We do," said the business man. "A hairless Chinese dog."

The peddler dived into another pocket. "Allow me," he said, "to show you the latest thing in fly paper."

Commander Peary was talking in New York about the luck he would have in reaching the Pole with the Roosevelt.

"They say you are a fatalist," said a reporter. "They say that you believe you are fated to find the Pole before you die."

The explorer laughed.

"If I am a fatalist," he said, "I assure you my fatalism is of the working and strenuous kind—like that of old Abe Cruger.

"Old Abe lived in New England in days of Indian warfare. He was a fatalist of a pronounced type; nevertheless, he would not venture forth without his blunderbuss.

"One day he had an important errand, but the blunderbuss, when he came to get it, was missing from the rack made of antlers where it always hung. Some one of his family had taken it. Abe sat down to wait till it was brought back.

"'But Abe, I thought you were a fatalist?' said a friend.

"'So I am,' the old man answered.

"'Then why bother about your blunderbuss?' taunted the friend. 'You are in no danger from the Indians, since you can't possibly die till yoru time comes.'

"'Yes,' said the old man. 'But suppose I was to meet an Indian and his time had come. It wouldn't do for me not to have any blunderbuss, would it?'"

There may be two reasons for a thing, both equally true, and it may be the height of folly to attribute the effect to both. A gentleman to whom art was a strange thing asked a friend to whom the ways of its votaries were more familiar:

"Why does Conners stand off and half shut his eyes when he looks at the pictures he is painting? I was in his studio the other day, and he made me do it, too."

"That's simply explained," replied the other. "Did you ever try to look at them near to, with your eyes wide open? Well, don't; you can't stand it.

Varieties

A girl's hair grows twice as fast as a boy's.

The Brazilian cocoanut palm frequently lives to an age of 700 years.

There are 2,800 counties of agricultural importance in the United States.

The present system of punctuation was devised in the fifteenth century.

The Germay army is experimenting with mattresses filled with paper in some of its barracks.

An exposition of butchers' and meat packing interests will be held in Berlin from March 6 to 16.

Warts will be cured by wiping them several times daily with castor oil and allowing it to dry in.

The crop-reporting service of the department of agriculture costs the government $220,000 a year.

Seamless steel barrels formed by a single process by powerful hydraulic presses are something new.

The volcano of Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii, is more active than it has been in 80 years.

The Chinese claim music was invented by the Emperor Fushi some 3,000 years before the Christian era.

"Aeroscaphe" has been coined as the word that signifies the aeroplane with philological correctness.

The tower of the Metropolitan Life building, in New York, which is 709 feet high, weighs about 38,022 tons.

France has more than 217 miles of pneumatic tubes for conveying the mail, divided between Paris, Lyons and Marseilles.

There are about twelve generations of flies a year, the sexes being about equally divided, each female laying about 1,000 eggs.

Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio in the order named, have led in the country's sandstone industry for the past three years.

An English ornothologist has successfully bred the black swan, one of the rarest of birds in every country except Australia.

Kitchen soap is the most reliable temporary repair for illuminating gas leaks, but should not be depended upon to hold for more than a few days at a time.

Some American students recently discovered rich deposits of coal in Shensi province, China, and have sought permission of the government to develop them.

During the 37 years that the German federal government has been in existence 2,707,676 natives have emigrated, nearly five-sixths of them to the United States.

The Russian ministry of trade and industry will organize a floating exhibition of manufactures and industries to visit the ports of other European countries.

The French navy is experimenting with shells containing in their bases a chemical combination which ignites and leaves a luminous trail to mark their flight.

The line of perpetual frost at the equator is at an altitude of 15,000 feet; in the northern states of this country at an altitude of about 4,500 feet.

Fortifications have been photographed by an automatic camera, the invention of a German, so light that it may be suspended from the neck of a carrier pigeon.

A recent invention of a Canadian is a bricklaying machine, which is claimed to do the work of six or seven skilled bricklayers when operated by two men and a boy.

A Texas congressman has introduced a bill appropriating $10,000 for the use of the department of agriculture in experimenting in the manufacture of paper from cornstalks.

A Danish inventor has brought out a wireless telegraphy outfit which uses a machine like a typewriter for sending, and receives on a machine which writes the message.

Slippery streets in Madgeburg are made safe by the use of a wagon that sprays over their surface sand or fine gravel, much as the streets in American towns are sprinkled with water.

A cash prize amounting to $3,000 has been offered for the first kite of French construction which will lift a man 200 metres and keep him suspended in the air at least an hour.

The British army in February will hold a competition for motor-driven tractors capable of driving eight-ton loads, and will buy the winner if it proves suitable for military work.

The Australian house of representatives is considering a bill for the creation of a commonwealth bureau of agriculture. The various state bureaus will be continued as heretofore.

For restaurant use, an automatic saucepan has been invented which, at the end of a given time, pours the contents on a plate and turns off the electric current which did the cooking.

A written language, invented by a native of the west coast of Africa, assisted by five friends, is said to be successfully competing with English in that portion of the Dark Continent.

A preliminary estimate by the department of agriculture of the country's production of tobacco in 1908 places the crop at 629,824,000 pounds, a decrease of nearly 10 per cent since 1907.

The largest three pumps of their type in the world are being built for Baltimore's sewerage system. Each will have a capacity of 7,500,000 gallons every 24 hours, against a head of 72 feet.

Having made paper from cornstalks, the laboratory of the forest service is experimenting with rice straw, of which hundreds of thousands of tons are wasted in the United States each year.

The new 12-inch gun planned for the navy will have sufficient muzzle velocity to throw a 1,300-pound shell more than five miles, at which distance it will be able to penetrate the best armor plate known today.

A license has been given for the use of the kaliser's private pottery for the experiments of a German potter who thinks he has re-discovered the ancient Romans' methods for producing a glaze that never has been copied.

The volcanitos of Colombia, tracts of land whence exude oil and natural gas from many openings, are to be developed for the oil by an American company, which already has its machinery on the ground.

A professor of the University of Berlin, who is lecturing in this country, believes that the Alps have been moved twenty miles south from their original location and carved into their present form by glacial action.

Three surgeons, assisted by half a dozen attendants, recently removed a 25-pound tumor from a lioness in the Cincinnati zoological gardens, one of the rarest operations in the history of veterinary science.

Mrs. Catharine Green, of Rhode Island, widow of Gen. Nathaniel Green, of revolutionary fame, is said to have invented the cotton gin, but to have allowed Eli Whitney to take out the patent, through modesty.

It is probable that 500,000 feet of pine tailing sunk in the Rideau river and lakes, in Canada, 80 years ago, when lumbering operations in that vicinity were beginning will be raised and converted into paper pulp.

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the latest Paris and New York Styles.

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2732—Ladies' Jumper Shirtwaist, with guimpe. This attractive model is adaptable to crepe de chine, cotton crepe, messaline or voile, or in fact any material that suits the wearer's fancy. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2716—Ladies' Semi-Fitting Dressing Sack. Canton flannel or elderdown make up charmingly in this neat model. 8 sizes —32 to 46.

2461—Ladies' "Prince Charming" Coat. An excellent model for broadcloth, chevlot, serge or any of the season's coatings. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2722—Ladies' Waist, in Directoire style—closing at front and having girdle and body lining. This is an excellent model for velvet, velveteen, satin or broadcloth. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2723—Boys' Blouse or Shirt-Blouse with or without back yoke, facing and permanent turn-down collar. The model is an excellent one for French or viyella flannel, flannelette, khaki, heavy linen or Madras. 6 sizes—6 to 16 years.

2731—Girls' Wrapper. This simple little wrapper was developed in pale pink Canton flannnel, although it is adaptable to French flannel or flannelette. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

2739—Misses' and Girls' Sack Apron with high or low neck and long sleeves or oversleeves. Plain colored chambray or checked or figured gingham make this a very serviceable little garmen. 6 sizes—6 to 16 years.

2240—Infants' Cold Feet Gown. Flannel or flannelette are the best mediums for this little gown. One size.

2720—Ladies' Apron and Oversleeves. Adaptable to cambric, heavy linen Indian-head cotton, gingham or chambray. A very serviceable garment while performing any little household duty. One size.

2600—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist, closing at left side of front and having link cuffs. The model here illustrated is adaptable to any of the season's shirtings and develops particularly well in heavy line of madras. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2618—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist. Tucked net was used for the development of this charming model which is also adaptable to messaline, fine lawn or batiste. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

1737—Child's Plaited Dress, with round yoke. Bright red cashmere was used for the development of this charming little model which may be worn for school or best wear according to its development. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

1915—Child's Set of Short Clothes, consisting of bishop dress having sleeves extending to neck, petticoat, underwaist and drawers. Fine nainsook, Persian or Victoria lawn, jaconet or batiste are the best materials for this little outfit. 4 sizes—½ to 3 years.

1936—Ladies' Shirtwaist Tucked in Box-Plait Effect. Heavy linen, madras or taffetas develop well in this style. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2171—Ladies' Double-Breasted Dressing Sack. Elderdown in any of the pretty light shades bound with a fold of satin in some contrasting shade makes this a charming dressing-sack. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2737—Child's Dress, in Princess Style and with Long or Short Sleeves. An excellent model for any of the sheer white materials. 4 sizes—½ to 5 years.

2740—Ladies' and Misses' Comet Collar and Fancy Stocks. The Comet collar No. 1 is adaptable to messaline, velvet or satin; No. 2 is excellent for tucked net, while No.3 may be developed in contrasting shades of satin or messaline. These collars are very pretty to wear with plain waists. 3 sizes—Small, medium and large.

1842—Boys' Russian Suit, Consisting of a Blouse with a Removable Shield and Knickerbockers. Developed in serge or flannel, this is an excellent model for school wear, while velvet or corduroy may be developed for best wear. 4 sizes —3 to 6 years.

2713—Girls' Storm Coat. A very serviceable coat for stormy weather is here portrayed developed in storm serge. 5 sizes—6 to 14 years.

2145—Girls' Coat. The model here illustrated was developed in navy blue broadcloth, although it is adaptable to any of the season's coatings. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

WATCHES We offer again this season the line of Waltham and Elgin watches that proved popular last year, at prices lower than elsewhere retailed.

The cases used in our watches are the very best grades of 25-year and 20-year gold filled cases on the market. We make no extra charge for hand engraved cases in the 25-year grade.

We guarantee everything we offer you to be JUST EXACTLY AS REPRESENTED.

And you will find our prices lower than you can purchase the same quality for elsewhere.

The Waltham and Elgin watches are all stem wind and stem set.

ALL WATCHES ARE SENT BY REGISTERED MAIL.

This offer is intended only for Blade subscribers. We desire to give our subscribers the advantages of the best quality of everything at the very lowest price.

MOVEMENTS.

Nickel—Fifteen jewels (settings); quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval regulator; sunk second dial; nickel idex; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

Nickel—Seven jewels; quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval steel regulater; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

MEN'S WATCHES.

No. 101—18 size, 25-year open face, 7-jeweled works $11.50
No. 102—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works $15.00
No. 103—16 size, 25-year open face, 7-jeweled works $12.25
No. 104—18 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works $15.50
No. 105—18 size, 25-year open face, 15-jeweled works $12.50
No. 106—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works $17.00
No 107—16 size, 25-year open face, 15-jeweled works $14.50
No. 110—16 size, 20-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works $12.75
No. 111—16 size, 20-year open face, 7-jeweled works $10.00
No. 113—18 size, 20-year open face, 15-jeweled works $10.50
No. 114—16 size, 20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works $15.00
No. 115— 16 size, 20-year open face, 15-jeweled works $12.50

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No. 116—18 size, 7-jeweled works $5.30
No. 118—18 size, 15-jeweled works $6.60
No. 119—16 size, 15-jeweled works $8.75

LADIES' 6 SIZE.

No. 121—25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works $13.50
No. 123—20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works $12.25

LADIES' 0 SIZE.

No. 124—25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works $14.00
No. 125—25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works $17.50
No. 126—20-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works $13.00

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NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF JUNIOR REPUBLICS GROWS

New York, Jan. 1.—That Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and New Jersey will, during the new year, join the young nation of George Junior Republics, with full-fledged commonwealths of boys and girls, was announced in this city today. With hundreds of wayward youngsters struggling to reclaim themselves as "citizens" of their juvenile republics in California, Connecticut, Maryland and New York, the adult supporters of this spreading movement are providing for the annexation of these three important additions to their four original states. Before the year is over, they predict, many other states in the greater union will be applying for this successful method of turning their strayed young folks into real citizens instead of confirmed criminals.

In spite of the financial trials of the past year, the leaders of the George Junior Republic movement throughout the country have today decided to discount the returning prosperity in the greater nation and go ahead with pressing plans to extend their smaller republics to other states. All New York state is thoroughly capable of sustaining its original junior republic at Freeville, they believe, and Connecticut is now rousing itself to back its similar colony at Litchfield. The Annapolis commonwealth of boys and girls is today being heartily supported by the people of Maryland and Washington, while all California is enthusiastic over the young republic which has been established during the past year near Los Angeles. With each of these states prepared to care for its own youthful representatives in the new nation of boys and girls, it has been thought time to admit the little commonwealths of Massachusetts, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, whose older citizens have for some time been eager to project George Junior Republic plans for their states.

The selection of a suitable site for the Pennsylvania junior republic near Pittsburg, is today already being undertaken by L. S. Levin, Assistant City Solicitor of that city, who has assured the officers of the national movement that his state will soon be the most flourishing little commonwealth in the new nation. Strong supporters of the George idea throughout Massachusetts are at present taking steps to incorporate an organization to maintain an extensive republic for the boys and girls of that state. Concerted action among the friends of the national plan in New Jersey is also promising to set up one of the strongest of these juvenile colonies in that state before the new year is over.

"These ambitious forward steps in our new National Association of Junior Republics will prove fully warranted by the hearty support which I believe the people of other states will give to their new republics," said Thomas M. Osborne, a leader in the movement, in this city today. "I believe that the success of the junior republic idea, as we have worked it out during the last fourteen years, is no longer dependent upon Mr. George, its originator, or upon any one man. Its established principles will now live on into the far future and work the sure righting of thousands of youngsters gone wrong in every section of the greater republic."

FAIR HEIRESS, JILTED BY GODDESS OF LUCK, VANISHES

London, Jan. 8.—Young, beautiful and rich, Miss Violet Gordon Charlesworth has vanished and all England is absorbed in the mystery.

That a motor accident hurled the charming heiress over a high cliff into the sea is the story told by her relatives, but this theory is scouted by those on the inside of the girl's adventurous career.

Violet Charlesworth flashed through the financial world of London like a brilliant meteor. She said she was the heiress of General Gordon and that the blood of the Highland chieftain flowed in her veins. She had a magnificent country place at Inverness.

Gossip had it that Miss Charlesworth inherited in childhood $744,000, to be paid over with interest on her twenty-fifth birthday. Thus in the flush of young womanhood she came into possession of $2,500,000.

The girl played the markets with reckless abandon. She said life was a lark and that she meant to have her fling.

In luck for a time, fortune finally ceased to favor the fair gambler. She lost heavily and soon, it is said, owed one broker alone $50,000.

Last Saturday Miss Charlesworth went for an afternoon ride with her sister and a chauffeur. She did not return and since then has been sought in vain.

The sister and the chauffeur tell a tale of a collision with a retaining wall at the edge of a cliff. By the impact, they say, the heiress was hurled from her seat, over the cliff into the surf at its foot.

No trace has been found of the body.

WAR AND QUAKES NO LONGER EXCITE VETERAN REPORTER

Chicago, Jan. 6.—Nothing short of such a cataclysm as that in Italy offers novelty to the veteran of big news—war, national convention, flood, tornado, and mountain feud, who, has been promoted by the Associated Press to the superintendency at Chicago of its "central division" of 16 states.

Probably no man in the United States in newspaper service has "covered" so many events of national history as Harry L. Beach—the St. Louis tornado, the Galveston and Shawneetown floods, the battles of the Spanish-American war, the Goebel feuds and the tobacco war.

During the Spanish war bullets pierced his hat or clothes several times, for he was in the thick of frays, including the memorable fight at El Caney. Under excitement or under the tension of presidential conventions or elections Mr. Beach's coolness grows only a little more frigid, his candor a little blunter and his spirits a little livelier.

To go into the midst of danger, or of horrors, and furnish rapid, accurate reports of what has happened and is likely to happen requires qualities of a high speed thinking machine, not to be stampeded or misled with fake news, a man with instinct and passion for facts which, as Mr. Beach has said, "are good enough for him."

He has covered all the big national conventions but one for twelve years, having had the responsibility for the arrangements at many of them. Outside of his daily dealing with news, Mr. Beach is the author of magazine articles that have won him fame, particularly a series about the tobacco war, dispassionate, simple and thrilling.

SAYS RAILROAD MUST SPEND $7,500,000,000 IN 15 YEARS

Albany, N. Y., Jan. 8.—Former Mayor Seth Low, of New York, and W. C. Brown, who was recently elected president of the New York Central railroad, last night addressed the annual dinner of the Albany chamber of commerce.

Taking into account the rapidly increasing business of the railroads, Mr. Brown declared that it will be necessary to raise $7,500,000,000 for the purpose of increasing and improving railroad facilities during the coming fifteen years. "The west, and especially the great southwest," said Mr. Brown, "must have thousands of miles of new railroads to make possible the tremendous development of which that region is capable. Texas alone has 55 counties in which the whistle of a locomotive has never been heard and the state of Texas can, with adequate railroad facilities and proper cultivation, raise more cotton than is now produced in the United States, or could double the annual corn crop of the country."

Increasing traffic conditions, said Mr. Brown, demand the investment of vast sums of money, the only alternative being a calamitous limitation of the nation's growth. The railroad construction of 1908, he said, was the smallest in ten years and that of 1909 promises to be less than 1908.

Pigs Make Faithful Pets

Pall Mall Gazette.

The manager of the Kennington theatre advertised for a little pig the other day to act in his pantomime. Replies have poured in by the bushel. The good man has discovered that pigs charming in the owners' eyes, fitted by habit and disposition to grace any stage, are common objects of the country. One was "brought up with my little boy," another has been a companion to the children and follows them to school, a third looks on its mistress as a mother—so she fondly imagines—a fourth sits up and begs like a dog. These tender descriptions were not Irish; bluff Saxon farmers and their bustling wives supplied them. No doubt the pig is a fascinating creature if you regard him in a metaphysical point of view—ignoring what scientists call the phenomenal. Most of us cannot be blind to his preposterous snout, his abominable little eyes and grotesque tail, or deaf to his rancous grunting. To see him waddling and grubbing is no joy, and his manners at dinner have supplied a proverb to all languages.

But people of strong mind and stomach who rise superior to these vulgar considerations find great merits in the pig. Sir Walter Scott had a succession of pets which loved him with a passion beyond control. Lockhart tells how persistently one of them interrupted his walk with some great personage, refusing to be driven back. Sir Walter pleaded the contemporary example of Lord Gardenstone, an eminent judge. This dignitary raised his pig by hand from birth in order to secure all its inherent virtues uncorrupted It slept upon his bed while young and slender, comparatively; afterward the kind old gentleman used to spread his clothes for it on the floor as he undressed, and the sagacious animal sat on its hind quarters watching him until the operation was finished and its couch prepared.

But a greater example might be adduced. St. Anthony is known by his attendant pig—a perennial joy to the school children on old windows. On that account St. Anthony has gone out of fashion—the young must not be allowed to amuse themselves in church. Also his symbol is thought undignified. A lion or an eagle may properly be attributed to a saint—they are noble creatures which love slaughter and blood—but a peaceful vegetarian like a pig must be incongruous! But the poor animal found a benefit from this association once. A decree of Edward I. cleared London of pigs—in the street, that is. But it specially excepted those belonging to St. Anthony's hospital. They were to carry a bell for identification, and thus equipped might roam at large.

Some many recollect a funny incident at Teheran a score of years ago. Mr. Samson, H. B. M.'s consul, was holding a conference with the grand vizier when his pet pig burst into the room, followed by a crowd of guards and servants. The consequences would have been unspeakable a century before. Pet pigs have always been common in Persia, but they are confined to the stable yard. The consul, like many other Europeans took notice of those in his stable yard and grew to like them. One he trained to accompany him shooting; it not only retrieved the birds but "pointed." This pet tracked its master by scent, and the careless Persian servants could not be trusted to keep it in doors. Several awkward incidents occurred before the final catastrophe when it burst into the vizier's durbar.

The Sea Hate.

Soft it sings in shining ripples, glad
beneath the golden day,
With a laugh among the dune grass, as
it flings its jewel spray,
But I hate its smiles and whispers, for
beneath the white, curled crests
Lies the great black heart of terror,
and the wrath that never rests.

Hidden from the blessed daylight, in
its caves it heaves and throbs
With a dreadful, choking gurgle and a
sound of dying sobs;
And the long, dark trailing seaweed,
lifted on its ebb and flow,
Is like hair of drowned women
whelmed within the undertow.

Through the pale green dusks of twilight from the rolling mystic
line,
Comes a chant of fear and beauty,
calling sweet to me and mine.
But I flee the siren music of the cruel
luring flood,
For 'tis doom is in its message and
the answer in my blood.
—London Daily News.

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We will send you our great farm paper absolutely free for three months if you will do us a small favor. Just send us names and addresses of five good farmers and inclose 2-cent stamp. The Valley Farmer is a handsomely printed farm journal, established 15 years, edited by the ablest agricultural writers of the country, published on its own $20,000 rotary magazine press by the largest publishing house in the West, and read by over a quarter of a million people. Its circulation reaching every state in the Union. Address, with stamp, Valley Farmer, 520 Jackson st., Topeka, Kan.

MURDER IN A CHURCH

Body of Victim Hacked to Pieces and Burned in Two Stoves in Building.

Detroit, Mich., Jan. 7.—With rumors of every description and stories of all sorts floating about the countryside today near Columbus township, St. Clair county, where a dismembered body was found yesterday stuffed into the Methodist church stove, there is not one positive development toward solving the mystery which shrouds the crime.

Suspicion of the accuracy of the identification of the body as Rev. John H. Carmichael, of Adair, developed today. Many of the people living about the neighborhood expressed doubt that it is the minister. Sheriff Wagenseil, of St. Clair county, added weight to the suspicion by stating that he is not positive that Rev. Carmichael was the victim of the horrible tragedy.

Two Men Missing.

But two men are missing from the neighborhood. They are Rev. Carmichael and Gideon Browning, a carpenter, who lived near the minister and for whom the officials have been searching since the crime was discovered Wednesday. With only the trunk of the body and part of the jawbone and the false teeth left enough form by the murderer's hatchet and fire to offer a possibility of identification the sheriff made the startling statement today that he did not consider that the identification of the victim is clearly established.

The identification as Rev. Carmichael was largely based upon the fact that bloody clothing belong to the minister and other possessions of his, including his spectacles, were found in the church. But Sheriff Wagenseil said today that he did not consider this necessarily positive proof that it was the minister who had been killed and hacked to pieces.

Browning Went to Church.

While the officers immediately began a search for Gideon Browning yesterday afternoon, after the discovery of the murder, there had never been any serious trouble between Browning and the minister, so far as is known. In fact, they are reported to have been quite friendly, frequently driving about together.

Tuesday afternoon Browning left a Grand Trunk train at the nearby village of Hickey and inquired the way to the Methodist church in Columbus township. He said to two different men that he had an appointment there with a man. C. O. Conat, a rural mail carrier, and Thomas Galvin walked part way to the church with Browning to make sure that he made no mistake in directions. They left him a mile from the little building. He has not been seen since.

No reason is known why Rev. Carmichael should have gone to the church unless he had an appointment there.

Find Browning's Pin.

Among the grewsome evidences of the crime taken from the stove in which the murderer tried to incinerate his victim's body is a stick-pin, which the sheriff said has been identified as belonging to Browning.

Rev. Carmichael was a large man six feet two inches in height, weighing 210 pounds, while Browning weighed about 160. Sheriff Wagenseil said that one of the hip bones has been found to be in fair condition, and at the examination of the fragments of the body this afternoon by the county physicians it may be possible by means of measurements of this bone to clear up the probable size of the murdered and thus establish whether or not he was the minister.

Prosecuting Attorney Brown disagrees entirely with the theory that the murdered man may not be Rev. Carmichael, and says he considers the identity clearly established.

In the investigations of the movements of Rev. Carmichael and Browning immediately before they both disappeared, it has been discovered that Monday morning Mr. Carmichael went to the home of Browning's sister and had a conversation with Browning. The latter's eleven year old nephew says that his uncle told him that Rev. Carmichael was going to get him a job where he would have nothing to do but "stand around and smoke cigars" and that the minister had given him a $2 bill with which to go to Port Huron.

Tuesday morning before the minister left his home on the drive from which he never returned, he had a conversation on the depot platform at Adair with Browning before the latter took the train for Port Huron. Browning, as previously stated, left the train at Hickey on the return trip from Port Huron and inquired his way to the Columbus church.

Minister Leaves Home.

Rev. Mr. Carmichael had been in Michigan about ten years and for two years had been pastor of the three churches at Columbus, Adair and China. With his wife and three children, he resided at Adair. Leaving home Tuesday morning he told Mrs. Carmichael that he was going to Columbus to arrange for a series of revival meetings there. He waved his hand affectionately to a group of children as he drove out of the village of Adair and from that moment there is little trace of him.

Discovery of Crime.

Myron Brown, who lives near the scene of the tragedy, was the first to discover the crime yesterday. While he was waiting at the crossroads to keep an appointment the cold wind drove him to seek shelter in the church. He was surprised to find the church doors unlocked and upon opening them was terrified to see the church floor, the pews and even the communion table daubed with blood and fragments of bloody clothing scattered all around.

Without investigating further, Brown fled to his home, where he had a key to the church. He returned and locked the doors and hurried to the village of Hickey, from which place he notified the sheriff's office at Port Huron.

Find Burned Hatchet.

The authorities on their arrival at the church found parts of the dismembered body in the two stoves located respectively at the front and rear and discovered in one stove the head of what was apparently a new hatchet, the handle of which had been burned off. A dirk was also found in the church, and it is believed that the dirk served for the murder while the hatchet was used to cut the body to pieces.

The minister's horse was found later tied to a tree in the village of Pine river, the dead man's overcoat being in the buggy. Pine river is a small village near Thornton, on the main line of the Grand Trunk railroad and fully twenty miles from the scene of the murder.

Dr. Hanson, of Port Huron, the county physician, who accompanied Coroner Wagenshell and Prosecutor Brown to the scene of the murder, took charge of the bones found in the stoves. Dr. Hanson said that, while the trunk of the body was comparatively little burned, the only bones of the limbs that could be recognized were a forearm and a femur. The base of the skull was also recovered.

Only one of the minister's three children, a daughter was at home at the time of the tragedy. One daughter is employed as a stenographer in Wyandotte, Mich., and the son is in the employ of a Detroit undertaker.

SENT POISONED CANDY

Sweets Mailed the Women Could Have Killed Fifty.

Denver, Jan. 8.—Paris green sufficient to kill 50 persons was found in the candy sent through the mails to Mrs. Marie Smith and Mrs. Amelia Witwer, according to State Chemist Edward C. Hill, who analyzed the contents of the boxes received by the two women last Saturday.

Ocie and Violet Smith, children of Mrs. Smith, ate some of the candy and were made seriously ill.

The police are trying to find a former suitor of Mrs. Smith in connection with their investigation.

Story of One Who Listened

A certain bright young Man was making a fairly comfortable Income turning out fool Jokes and Squibs for the Daily Press. It was Easy as falling off a Log.

Now he had a friend who Said he wrote for the best Magazines. That one frequently dropped by to Touch him for a small Loan.

It was on one of these Occasions he asked the Host why he didn't go in for something Better. The gifted One assured him he was making a Great mistake. For himself he Received $18 for a little sonnet of Fourteen lines. He asked what the Other Got.

"Cut all this," he urged, indicating the afternoon papers, "come up Higher, You're too clever to do Hack work. Give it up and Contribute to the Magazines."

The Other feared modestly that nothing he could turn out was Good enough to go between Covers.

"Certainly not," the Gifted One agreed. "But you have the makings of a Genius in you. You need to study and work on your style. Your brain is a gold mine. Don't throw away the Precious Nuggets on the Daily Press.

Still the other was Unconvinced. In the first place he didn't Care for the Style the gifted one raved over. And the Best Magazines didn't interest him as much as the Columns of his Beloved daily papers. But so insidious is flattery and so easy are all to Convince about our Peculiar talents that the words of the Magazine writer began to sink in. The Scribbler for newspapers continued to advance small loans; in return for this he was given more Suggestions about the Permanent value of his work if it were only Properly handled.

Finally he took the advice of the Other and bought a Rhetoric. This was supplemented by a book by Professor Somebody or Other on the Ethics of Literary Art. It was Stupid, but the young student kept bravely on. The Gifted One assured him that once he had overcome certain Crudities of Expression and had Established a Style his stuff would sell for Twenty-five cents a word.

At this Rate, the Recruit to Art figured he could be making anywhere from twenty-five hundred to three thousand dollars a week. For formerly turning out Five thousand words a day had been Child's play. He wouldn't look at a newspaper these days; he read high-browed Magazines.

"Soon you'll be getting a dollar a line and three times that much a square inch for paragraphs," the Borrower comforted, separating him from his last Ten.

The Student of Hyperbole, Antithesis and Syntax was amazed to find that his Brain, which had formerly gushed pleasing little fancies, had now gone on Strike. He couldn't get anything out of It. What he wrote, his adviser declared, was Real literature—but the author had more Respect for the various editors when they Returned it. One day he met his Gifted friend and upbraided him bitterly:

"It's no Go, what you told me," he declared. "I haven't the Price of a Free lunch any more. You did it."

That one hemmed and hawed and began to talk of selling a Sonnet for Eighteen dollars. "Hold on," the Recruit begged, "how many Sonnets have you sold in all? How many a day do you turn out?"

That one had to confess that he had never sold but One. Once he had sold a paragraph for Fifty cents. "And I got Eighteen dollars for the Sonnet," he began babbling again.

"I used to make that much a day!" the One who listened remarked sadly.

"Well, then go back to your newspaper work," he advised angrily. 'I thought I was doing you a service. Maybe I did make a mistake."

"I can't," the Other wailed. "No editor will stand for my 'style.' Now I'll have to go to work."

And his literary career ended Right there.

This simple story teaches that we all ought to think Twice before we we Allure anyone to the Heights.

HEIGHT AND GENIUS.

Dr. I. Popper, a well known German physician, has been making some interesting observations regarding the stature of individuals and the relation that exists between height and talent and genius. The doctor finds that not only persons with considerable talent but the geniuses of the world all have been and are of medium size or less. Among statesmen he points out Attila, Cromwell, Frederick II., Napoleon, Gambetta, Thiers—all of whom were of very small stature. Jesus Christ, too, the doctor says, according to the Talmud, was built in small proportions, so we read. Among the great artists the short men were Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci and Menzel; among the musicians, Richard Wagner, Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Shumann, Schubert, Brahms. Nearly all the poets were of small stature, particularly Dante, Horace, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Tasso, Victor Hugo and Heine. So were Cervantes and Rousseau. Among the philosophers and scientists the list is a long one, and those whom the doctor particularly mentions as small men physically are Spinoza, Newton, Leibnitz, Schopenhauer, Hegel, Humboldt, Ranke and Mommsen.

The results of Dr. Popper's researches into this subject are very interesting. He has discovered that while most great small men are small in stature because of the shortness of their legs, they are taller than when standing up, as they have big bodies above the waist. This very fact, the doctor thinks, is perhaps the secret of talent and genius—a good stomach, big heart and lungs in a big body—as they have a direct effect on the intellect These organs help to feed the brain properly and make big men mentally.

He mentions Bismarck, for instance, who was a very tall man, as having a bigger body in proportion. In other words, it is all in the body, and the person who when sitting down is taller as compared with another than when standing up, has the advantage of other in good, sound organs and healthy mentality. When the organs of digestion have plenty of room they make a healthy brain, and, according to Dr. Popper, talent and genius can in most cases be traced to these facts.

Dumb Wife Talks Too Much.

New York World.

Vice Chancellor Stevens announced at Newark, N. J., that he had advised that a decree of divorce be granted to James W. Nash, of 186 Orange street, Newark, against Sarah Louise Nash. Although Nash and his wife are deaf and dumb, one of the reasons alleged by the husband in justification of his petition was that his wife talked too much. He alleged that she continuously scolded him in the sign language. Mrs. Nash now lives with her parents at 362 Stuyvesant avenue, Irvington. The couple were married Christmas day, 1884, and parted March 16, 1905. There are three children.

ROSY AND PLUMP.

Good Health from Right Food.

"It's not a new food to me," remarked a Va. man, in speaking of Grape-Nuts.

"About twelve months ago my wife was in very bad health, could not keep anything on her stomach. The Doctor recommended milk half water but it was not sufficiently nourishing.

"A friend of mine told me one day to try Grape-Nuts and cream. The result was really marvelous. My wife soon regained her usual strength and today is as rosy and plump as when a girl of sixteen.

"These are plain facts and nothing I could say in praise of Grape-Nuts would exaggerate in the least, the value of this great food."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

SUGAR BEET INDUSTRY

National Magazine.

Among many lines of work conducted, should be noted the effort to build up new agricultural industries. One of the most important of the industries developed in recent years is the production of sugar beets. More or less desultory work was done on sugar beets as far back as 1867. In 1892, only six factories were in operation in this country, the combined output of which was a little over 27,000,000 pounds of sugar. For 12 years the department has consistently urged the production of this crop, with the result that there are now no less than 64 factories in operation with a combined output of approximately 500,000 short tons of sugar manufactured from beets, with a factory value of $45,000,000. This industry has been built up by careful and systematic investigation, experiment and demonstration in the matter of increasing the percentage of sugar in the beet and the tonnage per acre, preventing diseases, and in other ways.

Make Big Money Training Horses!

Prof. Beery, King of Horse Tamers and Trainers, has retired from the Arena and will teach his wonderful system to a limited number, by mail.

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AGENTS! BIG PROFITS selling our 5 & 7 piece Kitchen Cutlery Sets; one agent made $35 in one day; outfit free to workers; men or women. Metalware Mfg. Co., Main & 2nd, Dayton, O.

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CONCRETE BUILDING

A system of concrete building construction more extraordinary than Edison's proposed one-piece structure is described in Popular Mechanics. The walls are molded flat on the ground, one at a time, then tilted into position and made fast. The article states:

"The principal feature in the equipment is a series of especially constructed jacks for raising the completed wall. In starting the building, a platform of 2-in. timber was laid across steel beams about 4 ft. apart, these beams supported by jacks. The platform was not more than 3 ft. from the ground, and lay inside the proposed building. Boards were set up on the four sides to complete the form.

"On this platform were placed the window frames and the reinforced concrete cornice, which was cast in sections. Special ornamental window caps were required, so these were also cast separately and placed in their proper positions on the platform. The concrete was then poured onto the platform in very wet form. After 2 in. of concrete had been laid, ½-in. steel rods were placed in both directions, 6 in. apart, and the balance of the concrete poured on. The wall was made 4 in. thick and very little tamping was necessary. In 28 hours after pouring, a 5-hp. engine was connected with a shaft under the platform operating the jack screws, and slowly the wall was tilted into position."

The Spur.

Because of your strong faith, I kept the track
I could not meet your eyes if I turned back;
So on I went

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR.

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.

May our ideals be perfect holiness, perfect strength, perfect love, perfect service. Make our faith great in the higher estate, where our faculties, only dawning here, shall rise in a glorious morning of the soul.

MONDAY.

Defeat may serve as well as victory to shake the soul and let the glory out.

TUESDAY.

God hides some ideal in every human soul. At some time in our life we feel a trembling, fearful longing to do some good thing. Life finds its noblest spring of excellence in this hidden impulse to do our best.

WEDNESDAY.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from view
Winters that deform it.

THURSDAY.

Guard your lips from harsh words, your lives from blame. If quarrels arise, be the first to forgive and forget.

FRIDAY.

Sorrows come to stretch out spaces in the heart for joy.

SATURDAY.

Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

THE HOME SENTIMENT

ELIZABETH AYRES.

When John Howard Payne wrote Home, Sweet Home, he wrote a song which has been loved throughout the seventy-five years of its existence, and remains a song which is likely to be loved so long as there are voices to sing it. Its sentiment is one which is universally felt and understood, and it unites humanity in a common worship and sympathy.

There is no sweeter word in the English language than the word "home." It signifies all that is good and lovely; it is cherished in countless hearts as a hallowed memory; it is a hope for the future, and a spur to earnest endeavor. Everyone, sometime in life, wants an anchorage. Moving from place to place becomes a weariness, and the longing arises for a residence, which shall be "home," no matter how humble. We all have our ideals of what home should be, though unfortunately there are many things that make us pessimistic about home life, but the fact that we regard an unhappy home as a tragedy, is proof of how high a position a true one holds in our regard.

The knowledge that one has a home gives a sense of security and protection. It brings a vision of shelter and the comfort of having a resting place when rest is needed. "Homeless" is a desolate word and a desolate condition. When home is mentioned, naturally it raises the image of a house, but something less than a house may be a home if it is filled with the home spirit; without it, one may live in a mansion and still be homeless.

The home spirit makes the place wherein it abides the best-loved spot on earth to those who come within its influence. It permeates a home with the atmosphere of happiness which all feel who enter. In the making of a home, this spirit is the greatest essential; all else is subordinate, for the home spirit is mutual love; helpfulness; loyalty which no stress of circumstance can destroy; a wish to lighten one another's burdens, to alleviate one another's pain, and to share one another's joys.

It is human nature to crave the sanctuary which can be found only in a home. It is a harbor where there is safety from temptation, and peace when storms arise.

The home of one's childhood is a distinct thing by itself. There will never again be anything like it in one's life, especially if with it are connected happy memories. The house in which one lived when a child is not like other houses. It is surrounded with associations which are never forgotten. It may have passed into alien hands, or it may no longer exist, but no matter what its fate, the "first home" remains one of memory's indelible pictures.

The home sentiment is one to foster and to keep alive. It is a softening influence which makes all hearts and minds akin. Love of home is a passion that is seldom extinguished. Its flame may flicker and grow dim, perhaps for years, but some day, sometime, it is sure to come alive and bring a realization of home's sacredness and beauty.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage, and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

A CONSPICUOUS SUCCESS

One of the most conspicuous successes on record in teaching others how to make profitable use of time that has been going to waste, has been achieved by Mrs. Helen R. Albee, of Pequaket, N. H., who originated the now famous Abnakee rug industry.

When Mrs. Albee, who was born in Ohio and was trained as a designer, went to Pequaket to live, she found that the women in the farm houses had many hours at their disposal for which they had no profitable occupation. This she determined to supply. Looking over the situation, she saw that almost every farmer's wife made "hooked" rugs. As a means of converting old clothing into warm and durable coverings for the floors, these rugs had long served a useful purpose. But they were made out of odds and ends from all sorts of materials, were of neutral colors which lacked warmth and harmony, and of meaningless design if not absolutely ugly.

Yet these same hooked rugs, with their violations of good taste in color and design, contained all the possibilities that have been developed in the newer productions known to Arts and Crafts societies over the country as the Abnakee rug. It only needed some one who had faith enough in the humble hooked rug to put into it new material, one with a knowledge of design sufficient to give an original stamp to the work, with an eye for color to secure harmonious effects, and with courage and perseverance to give the conviction form, to revolutionize the old product, and place it on a level where its merits and artistic worth should rank it with many rugs of foreign make.

Years before, shortly after leaving school, she had taken a severe course in mental discipline. She noticed one day that her table was strewn with a dozen things begun and none finished, and realized that she was a spendthrift of time and energy. To break herself of this, she determined to take up some subject and devote herself to it, and picked out Grote's history of Greece as the most distasteful within reach. It was in twelve volumes of 500 pages each, and she read it through at the rate of 50 pages a day. "Only when the twelfth volume was finished," she says, "did I realize what discipline I had been through. I had conquered once and for all my desultory habits, and ever after I have been able to hold myself to any given purpose, without swerving, for months and years, if need be. This self mastery has been the source of any success I have gained."—From Spare Moments.

A NEW COMER

May I say good morning and be one of the sisters, too? I call the sisters of this corner the Double C's. I feel very much interested in the Corner. I am a farmer's wife and live on a farm in Eastern Vermont. I have two children, a girl of four years, and a boy of two. We rent only part of the house where we live, and my husband works out, so you see we have rather a hard time to get along. I take in sewing and washing and make crochet lace for sale to help out. I greatly appreciate any words of kindness and help from any who choose to write them.—A Double C Sister.

A MOTHER OF SEVEN

I thought I would come to tell you this beautiful morning how I love The Blade. My father took it when I was a child, and my husband has taken it ever since we have been married. I always turn to the Household first, for it is just like a dear friend coming to visit me every week. I have been thinking for a long time I would write and say how helpful you have all been to me. I get some good out of every letter that is published.

I am a farmer's wife, and am the mother of seven children, four girls and three boys, so you see anything on the training of children is of help to me. I want to teach my girls how to do all kinds of housework, for I think it is much better to teach children how to work then to let them grow up in idleness. We have six months of school here, so we send the children half the year. They are a great deal of help to me nights and mornings, as we live close to the schoolhouse. We live among the West Virginia hills. It is a rough, hilly place, but I think it is a healthy country. We raise all kinds of grain, and there were good crops here in the past season, and quantities of fruit of all varieties.—Mother of Seven.

FROM NEW MEXICO

Having seen only one letter in the Cozy Corner from sunny New Mexico, I am going to write a description of our part of the country. We came here for our health and have taken a homestead of 167 acres of government land. There is a goodly amount of nice land here yet, which can be had for the taking. The soil is a red sand on which grow grass; an oak bush about 18 inches high which produces as many acorns as a lot of large oak trees; and a prickly bush, known as mesquite. This has a big root, from one inch to six in diameter, which makes excellent fuel. It must be grubbed out before the land can be plowed successfully. Range cattle are still roaming over the untaken land, but Uncle Sam has ordered them out, and all the settlers hope they will soon go. When they are gone the crops will not be in so much danger.

There is a great variety of crops here. Among the most important are Irish and sweet potatoes, peanuts, Indian, Kaffir and broom corn, maize, cane or sorghum, and melons. I wish you all could see and eat the melons. Many of them weigh 60 pounds. Squash, and everything that grows on a vine, reaches a great size. The land is level and very easily cared for as weeds are not as plentiful here as in the older settled states.

Places to live in are made in all sorts of ways. Some are box houses—that is, just boards on end—others are frame. Then there are dugouts, half dugouts, tents and nearly everything which will serve as a shelter. The winters are mild and dry, and this makes the country a great place for the cure of throat and lung troubles.

The elevation is about 3,600 feet above the sea level, and the air is clear and pure. Mountains 200 miles to the west can be seen without a glass. In the morning the mirage is beautiful.—Alma E. Squire.

FROM THE GRAPE COUNTRY

I have watched for the letters from the sisters and seeing none from Western New York I venture to join your happy family and tell you about our "grape country."

I am afraid some of those who live among the beautiful hills would think this a rather desolate place, but to me there is none other like it. There is a range of hills back of us, which slope gradually down to the shores of Lake Erie. I live in the heart of the grape belt, as it only extends about twenty miles on either side of us, along the main road, where the electric cars will soon be running from Buffalo to Cleveland. We have a farm of 100 acres, twenty of which are planted with grapes. We have also a very small dairy. I will tell the rest next time, and in closing will sign the name my grandparents used to call me.—Birdie.

AN OLD-TIME CONTRIBUTOR

My acquaintance with The Blade reaches back to 1808 when Nasby was one of the proprietors. I wonder what has become of Moss Rose and of the army of contributors of that period. I lived in the Buckeye state in 1895-1906. I am now living in the Ozarks of Missouri, and the country reminds me of Southern Ohio very much. We have very poor roads, but there is considerable small game, such as squirrels, rabbits, quail and wild turkey.

Augusta, I think you have everything to make you happy, and that you are situated so that you can get the most out of life. With a cozy home, health, a loving and kind husband, and a sweet little boy, what more can you ask? Look on the bright side and try to make others happy. Think of the home you left as a pleasant dream of the past. With best wishes to The Blade and Household readers.—Uncle Dick.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Hearts, like plants, must live in the sunshine to thrive.

Brown Eyes from the East—It is time for you to write to us again. Many letters have been received in response to your appeal for advice which was published in the Cozy Corner of November 19. It has not been possible to publish them all, but, as you doubtless know, several have appeared, and it is now your turn to speak up.—Editor.

If any sister can tell from experience or observation how women living in small towns or in the country may earn money we shall be glad to be instructed. We have many inquiries regarding this matter and we should like to have some suggestion or stories of experience in this line to "help along."

Letters recently received for the Cozy Corner are from Dottie, Little School Girl, A Missouri Mother, Busy Housekeeper and Mrs. Mary Smith.

Do not forget to sign your real name in addition to the one you wish used for publication. This rule applies to all the departments of the Household Page.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

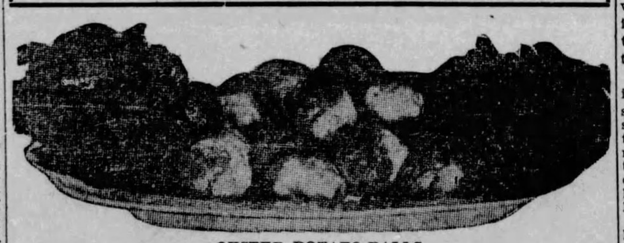
A LONG BREATH

A simple way to get warm after exposure to cold is to take a long breath with the mouth firmly shut. Repeat this several times, until you begin to feel the heat returning. It requires a very short time to do this. The long breath quickens the pulse, and thus causes the blood to circulate faster. The blood flows into all parts of the veins and arteries, and gives out a great deal of heat. It is stated this method of deep breathing prevents colds and a great many other ailments if begun in time.

FEED THE BIRDS IN WINTER

When the snow comes the birds may starve. A small supply of grain or even sweepings of hay mows would relieve their distress. Save your crumbs for them.

TRY THESE RECIPES



OYSTER POTATO BALLS.

Oyster Potato Balls—The following recipe and the picture with which it is illustrated were taken from the January number of the National Food Magazine. To make the oyster balls grate six cold, boiled potatoes, add one teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter teaspoonful of pepper, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two beaten egg yolks and one tablespoonful of minced parsley. Mix well together, take a tablespoonful of the mixture, flatten it slightly, lay on two or three oysters, cover with another tablespoonful, pinch the edges together, place on a buttered baking sheet and run into a brisk oven to cook.

English Tea Cakes—Sift together one and one-half cups of flour, half a cup of sugar, scant half a teaspoonful of salt and two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; with the tips of the fingers work in half a cup of butter, and half a cup of currants. Beat one egg (take out a tablespoonful of egg and set aside to glaze the top of the cakes), add about two tablespoonfuls of milk and mix the dry ingredients to a dough. With the hands roll the dough into balls the size of an English walnut. Set the balls in a buttered pan, some distance apart, brush over the tops with the egg, dredge with sugar and bake in a quick oven. Serve hot or cold with tea or cocoa. The recipe makes about fifteen cakes.

Rice Gems—One cup of well-cooked rice, moistened with two tablespoons of cream or rich milk. Add two cups of sifted graham flour with salt to taste (one-half teaspoon). Add three-fourths cup of sweet milk. Beat thoroughly and bake in heated gem irons in a hot oven.

Graham Crisps—Mix two cups of graham flour with one teaspoonful of salt and one cupful of water. Roll out rather thin. Cut into rounds. Put a layer on a greased pan, brush them with melted butter and put on another layer, pinch edges together, brush again with butter, prick clear through both layers in several places and bake twenty minutes in a hot oven.

Raised Muffins—To one cup of scalded milk and one cup of boiled water add three tablespoonfuls of butter, four tablespoonfuls of salt. Cool and add one-quarter of a yeast cake softened in one-quarter cup of warm water, one egg yolk and three and one-half cups of flour. Then fold in the egg white, beaten stiff. Beat well, cover and let rise until morning. Butter muffin rings, fill half full, let rise half an hour and bake in a hot oven twenty minutes.

Chestnut Cookies—Cream together two tablespoonfuls of butter and one cupful of sugar; stir in three eggs, two cupfuls of chopped stewed chestnuts, a saltspoonful of salt and flour enough to make a paste that can be rolled. Cut into cookies and bake in a moderate oven

A TEA-PARTY IN TURKEY

When a Turkish lady gives a "chalva," or tea party, her husband is perforce excluded from the harem while the strange women are in the house. These guests begin to arrive towards six, accompanied by their maid servants and negroes, carrying lanterns, and bringing their children with them. Closely muffled, they divest themselves of their burnouses and babouches in an ante-room, and put on delicate satin slippers, which they have brought with them in bags. The reception rooms are brilliantly lighted up with pink wax candles and scented with fragrant pastilles. There is no kissing or hand-shaking between the hostess and her guests; but each lady, as she comes in, raises her hand gracefully to her heart, her lips, and her brow, which means, "I am devoted to you with heart, mouth and mind." This mode of salutation, when smilingly performed, is very pretty. The greetings being ended, the company seat themselves on chairs, if there be any foreign ladies present; if not, they betake themselves to the divans and carpets, while the children go off all together, to be regaled and to romp in some other room. Cigarets, coffee, and sweetmeats are handed round, and while these things are being discussed the ladies are bound to pay one another compliments about their respective dresses, which are sure to be most sumptuous, and indeed are sometimes worth a fortune. The evening costume of a Turkish woman consists of a long tunic, with open sleeves, and a wide pair of trousers; and, when these articles are of costly stuffs, embroidered, laced and covered with jewels, they produce a rare effect. After the coffee, dancing girls are introduced, and at this stage of the proceedings the elderly ladies generally settle down to cards and backgammon. In some houses where Christian manners have penetrated, a lady pianist rattles off waltzes and operatic music

A TURKISH LADY AT HOME.

to amuse the company; but this does not exclude the performances of the native dancing girls, whose gyrations and fantastic music with tambourines and castanets, are much appreciated. These "almees" are seldom older than fourteen, and in any case no married woman joins in a dance. When the evening has been more or less agreeably spent amid these pastimes and conversation, it is the lady of the house who gives the signal for the guests to retire. This she does by clapping her hands and exclaiming, "Chalva yel!"—i. e., "bring in the cake!" At once the maid servants hurry off to fetch the delicacy, and soon a very aromatic, creamy, and spongy pudding is produced, the which having been honored as it deserves, silver basins full of rose-water are carried in for the guests to wash their hands withal, and then the party is at an end. A very quaint form of salutation speeds the parting guest. As each lady comes up to express her thanks for the hospitality she has enjoyed, the hostess answers sweetly, "How happy I am that it is all over!" which ambiguous utterance only means, "How happy I am that no accident has befallen any of us during this delightful evening."—Travel Magazine.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can
In all the ways you can
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Our discussion of Success is nearing its close and no more letters on the subject will be printed, other than those which are in hand. There has been unity of opinion regarding the definition of success, and all who have written agree that it does not lie in the acquiring of great wealth and fame, alone.

For the next consideration of the M. G. R. members are two new questions which I hope will prove interesting enough to bring more good letters. Don't wait to see what someone else writes, but "take your pen in hand" and express your own ideas. The questions are:

WHAT DO YOU CONSIDER NOBLE IN A WOMAN?

WHAT DO YOU CONSIDER NOBLE IN A MAN?

Today, I shall use some letters which have been waiting sometime to be published. Apologies are offered to their writers for the long delay.—Miss Prudence.

This being the third time I have started to write, I will be in a hurry and get the letter written before my heart fails again. My home state is West Virginia, and I will write of a trip I took in the past November, since descriptive letters are approved of.

I started for St. Petersburg, Florida, the 19th of November, and arrived there the 23rd, so blackened by soot and smoke that the friend who met me did not know me. The town is situated on Tampa Bay, 25 miles from Fort Tampa. It is a very nice town of about 700 to 1,000 inhabitants. Never having seen the Gulf of Mexico, I had the pleasure of going with my friend and family from St. Petersburg to Poca-Celga bay where I could look out on the white-capped waves of the gulf. On the sand we picked up quite a number of shells just washed ashore. From Florida, I went to a small town in the state of Arkansas, the land of corn and cotton, where I worked in the lumber camp among the swamps and mosquitoes. Now I am in the hills of W. Va. again. I have two little babies to love and live for, but I am so lonely since God called for their dear mother nearly a year ago.—Lone Wanderer.

So many good letters have been written regarding the question, "What is success?" I fear it is useless for me to write on the subject, yet I will try to put in my mite.

A man may be successful in gaining worldly goods, yet that is not true success. To my way of thinking, true success is of a higher motive than these earthly things. If a man gets right with God, lives a noble, Christian life, and tries to help his fellow creatures to live noble lives, when he leaves these shores it may be said his life was a success.

How many of the M. G. R. members have fathers who were soldiers? Mine was. He was a member of Co. F, Tenth West Virginia Infantry.

Methinks I hear someone say, "what a chatterbox!" so I will step out.—Black-Eyed Clara.

I am a West Virginia farmer, although I have worked at several different vocations, but I like farming the best of all. This is a rough and hilly country, but very productive. I was born and raised in Braxton county, and have lived here all of my life. I always enjoy reading the M. G. R. letters as I know some of the contributors to the M. G. R. columns. I am well acquainted with W. Va. Sunshine, Black-Eyed Clara, and W. Va. Blue Bell. They are all members of the church to which I belong, the grand old Methodist Episcopal. I am a Methodist and a Republican of the Roosevelt and Taft stripe, and I am glad of the privilege and honor. My favorite book is the Bible. I think if people spent more time reading the Bible there would be less crime. Wishing you all a Happy New Year, I will close. You may know me by the name of West Virginia Moonshine.

I am another newcomer from the country. I live five miles from the little town of Breckenridge, Mich. I would like to ask if any of the M. G. R. circle are interested in photography. I have a 4x5 magazine camera, and, while only an amateur, I enjoy very much the making of simple landscape photographs. I would like to hear from some of the circle on this subject. I live in what is known as the Saginaw Valley. The country is very level and the farmers raise many sugar beets.—Jolly Cholly.

As I have not seen a letter about New Hampshire, I thought I would write one. I live in Maplewood, a little place in Bethlehem. I can see the mountains every day. I can see Mt. Washington from my bed room win-

OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

dow. I have been to the Flume and many places of interest around here. It is very cold in the Flume, and water runs there all the time, making such a noise you cannot hear yourself talk. On the way to the Flume we go by a large house called the Profile House. In front of this house there is a path through the woods which takes you to a pool.

My grandfather lives at Bethlehem Hollow and the Ammonoosuc river is behind his house. I love rivers, and any body of water, so I go down to this river very often in summer. It is frozen all winter, as it is very cold here. There is a mountain where the rocks make a picture like an old man's face, and is called Old Man of the Mountain. There is a lake below this mountain which is called the Profile lake. The water is clear and pretty. There are many tall trees here and little round trees which look very funny.—Ellen Straw.

I have long been attracted to your part of the reliable old Blade and have spent many enjoyable leisure moments with your letters. It seems to me the question placed before us is a very serious one and is not easily answered.

What is success? It might be briefly defined by saying that it is the attainment of fixed or definite results, but the letters which have been published take a broader view of the question. Somebody's Dearie and Merura have taken up the religious side of the question, so I will leave that part with them. They have very ably done their work.

For a life to be successful it must be in accord with nature. Nature never intended men and women to live lives of single wretchedness. Therefore, to be successful, we should wed. Neither was it intended that we should live lives of married wretchedness, therefore, we should live peaceably together. We should all concentrate our efforts upon evil and aim to drive it from this glorious, Godgiven land of ours.

After all, success is not what we do, neither is it the results we attain, but what we try to do and what we try to attain.—Clarence Ray.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Remember, we wish to have our reunion the 11th of February. Several have asked for one, so I hope you will aid me in making it a success. Yours truly, Miss Prudence.

The M. G. R. began in 1898, and Brunette, one of the first members has been kind enough to send the names of those who were "in at the beginning." They were: Avaline Winthrop, Carlotta G., Nameless, Skip, Student, Theo, Elaine, Laurel, Ettie, Lurley, Daisy, Sunlight, Peggy Eleda, Dot, Nellie Leigh, Wilhelm, Jet Darling, Elizabeth M. Watson, Ferne Hazleton, Harriet Hale, Queenie, Edith E., Gwendolen, Nita Vansier, Ilda De Lavigne, Delia D. Morris, Rex Riley, Little Bluebell, Jeannette, Rose M. Waitz, Gladys, Inez Norvelle, Iva, Greenhorn, De Laine, Mamie, Bell Baxter, Pauline, School Ma'am, Madeline H., Birdie Balance, Minnie A., Pansy, Gale, Cactus, Lois Lake, Thena and Lilly Bell. If any of these are still with us, please let it be known.

Brunette—Thank you for your letter and information.—Miss Prudence.

Grandma wishes India and Grandpa to tell more about Mexico.

Seventeen-Year Old School Ma'am—The greater portion of your letter is written on both sides of the paper so it is impossible to use it, but you have a standing invitation to come again The clipping you enclosed shall be printed.

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"Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true;
To think without confusion clearly,
To love his fellow men sincerely,
To act from honest motives purely,
To trust in God and heaven securely."

CHANCES EVERY DAY

Who was that French boy that made his servant wake him every morning with the cry, "Rise, Monsieur le Comte, you have great things to do today!" The world has forgotten his name, and it is probable that he never did any great thing in it, but we may be sure that the call drove him every day to do many little good things for which the world was better and happier then, and which, no doubt, are working in it like leaven for good to this day.

Why should not each one of us waken every morning remembering that though the new day may give us no chance for splendid achievement—no line to carry to a sinking ship—no word to speak which shall uplift a nation—there will be plenty of chances in it before night to give to our neighbors fun, courage, or strength? We cannot, perhaps, write a poem like Keats' "Nightingale"; we cannot discover radium; but we can fill our windows with flowers to bid a cheerful good morning to passersby.

The old Puritan doctrine that piety meant self-torture and gloom is dying out among us. People of all sects are finding out that our Father has given us a beautiful home, and that He wishes us to rejoice in it and in Him, and to help our neighbors to rejoice with us. Even Isaac Watts, far back in his gloomy day, insisted that "Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less."

"But," argues some girl who has neither beauty, wealth, nor social position to give her influence, "what can I do to make the world better and happier?"

A woman living a few years ago in a miserable little village planted in front of her house a flower garden. When her neighbors crowded round to admire it she persuaded them to go and do likewise. She gave them seeds, she helped them to dig and weed, she kept up the work until they achieved success and were able to send flowers to the county fair. The poor-spirited women in other villages became wise in seeds and bulbs instead of scandalous gossip. The men, for shame, cleaned and drained the streets. The little woman is dead and forgotten, but her work will be a help to many generations.

An Eton boy, Quintin Hogg, appalled by the misery of mighty, dreadful London, got a barrel and a board, a couple of candles and some old books, and started a school at night, under London bridge. He had two wharf-rats as his first scholars. When he died, hundreds of thousands of poor men put a black band on their arms. They had been trained in the many polytechnic schools which had grown out of the barrel and boards—not only in Great Britain but in her colonies as well.

In short, we may be sure when we waken each morning, that God has filled our hands with good seeds, which if we plant them will go on yielding fruit throughout the ages.

Whoever you are—wise or foolish, rich or poor—God sent you into His world, as He has sent every other human being, to help the men and women in it, to make them better and happier. If you don't do that, no matter what your powers may be, you are mere lumber, a worthless bit of the world's furniture. Stradivarius violin, if it hangs dusty and dumb upon the wall, is not of as much real value as a kitchen poker which is used. Before you in your journey wait hundreds of human beings with whom you must have relations, whom you must either urge on or hinder on their way. It is your business to use your money, or beauty, or wit, or skill or whatever good thing God has given you, for their help. Why not begin every morning with the French boy's thought—"I have great things to do today."—Rebecca Harding Davis in January St. Nicholas.

THE POETS' CORNER

BILL AND JOE

Nancy lyin' cold an' still,
In the graveyard on the hill,
Joe an' Bill was all I had,
Left to care for their old dad.
Bill was smart, the neighbors sed,
Guess he had his mother's head.
Never tuck it after me,
But uv Joe, they sed that he
Was so shiftless an' so slow,
Neighbors allus seem to know—
An' they all agreed that such
Never could amount to much.
An' some hinted that he had,
Sorter tuck it from his dad.

One day, Bill he sez to me,
"Farm ain't big enough for three,
One uv us had better go,
So the one that went was Joe.
Stood an' watched him cross the hill,
Left me alone with Bill.
Bill was all the boy I had
Now to care fer his old dad.
Winter passed, an' the next spring.
Bill tuck charge uv everything,
Bill was smart an' savin', too,
Allus found some work to do,
Allus busy, allus had
Plenty of work for his old dad.
Didn't mind the workin', though,
But I often wished that Joe
Was back on the farm onct more,
Even if it kep' us pore,
Didn't care if he was slow,
Couldn't keep from lovin' Joe.
An' my old eyes would grow dim,
As I'd sit an' think uv him,
Toilin' out thar in the west,
But the Lord knows what is best.
Bill worked all the summer through,
Kep' his old dad busy, too,
An' the neighbors sed he had
Managed better than his dad.
Ruther guess that it was so,
I was allus sorter slow,
Shiftless, too, I guess, like Joe.
On day, Bill he comes to me
With a paper, "Dad," sez he,
"You are gettin' kinder old"—
Knowed I was 'fore I was told—
"An' I ruther guess," sez he,
"Better deed the farm to me,
Fer I guess I'll hat to do,
Nearly all the work, fer you
Can't do much." My eyes growed dim.
Couldn't say a word to him,
I could feel my old heart bleed,
But I tuck an' signed the deed,
Didn't seem to have no will.
After that I lived with Bill,
In the place uv him live with me,
But it didn't seem to be
Just the same, but Bill he guessed,
I would find it for the best.

Bill was married the next May,
Sold the place and moved away,
Bought a farm uv bottom land,
Paid but half the money, and
Gave a mortgage fer the rest,
Lowin' that it was fer the best.
Didn't have a word to say;
Bill would allus have his way,
Reckon he had allus had
Better judgment than his dad.
But I guess it's God own plan,
Success ain't fer every man,
So Bill comes to me one day,
Sed the mortgage was to pay,
Had a wife to keep—was pore,
Couldn't keep me any more.
Hitched up his old team next day,
Tuck me in an' drove away.
Sed I couldn't work no more,
Left me at the porehouse door.
Set an' watched him down the hill,
Tried to think it wasn't Bill,
Then my old eyes 'gin to fill,
Thought of Nancy, cold an' still,
Lyin' up thar on the hill,
An' I wisht that I was lyin' by her side;
Lyin' thar with her at rest;
But the Lord knows what is best,
It ain't give us to know,
Looked up then an' thar stood Joe!

Didn't speak a single word,
Looked at him an' never stirred!
Couldn't help it—never tried,
I just set right thar an' cried.
Stooped an' hugged me, "Dad," sed he.
"Better come on home with me,
Porehouse ain' no place fer you,
Old farm's big enough fer two."
"Joe," said I, "the place is sold,
Bill 'lowed I was gettin' old."
"So the place was sold," said he,
"It was sold today—to me—
Bought the old farm back fer you—
Guess it's big enough fer two."
Set down thar an' talked awhile,
Told me how he made his pile,
In the mines out west, sed he,
"Thought thar was no luck fer me,
I had allus ben so slow,
Guess that didn't matter, though;
Kep' a-diggin'—wouldn't quit,
Just kep' peggin right at it.
Some luck reckoned it was grit.
Some sed luck, but I don't know,
Others called me Lucky Joe,
But I didn't care a bit,
Didn't matter—luck er grit,
Made my pile an' come away,
Back to the old farm to stay!

Had a carriage at the gate,
Guess we rolled away in state!
All the people watched us go—
Stood an' watched, me an' Joe.
Didn't mind it—was so glad,
Joe had come back to his old dad.
Found the old place fixed up new,
Painted, furnished through an' through
Fire a-blazin' on the hearth,
Home is the best place on earth.

By the evening fire aglow,
Set down thar an' talked to Joe—
Talked uv Nancy on the hill,
Talked uv the old farm, an' Bill.
It was good to see Joe's face,
Back once more at the old home place.
"I got plenty, Dad," sed he—
More'n enough fer you an' me;
Here's a thousand fer your till,
Here's another—that's fer Bill!

Mortals cannot allus know,
But the Lord knows Bill an' Joe,—
Knowed the one to send out west,
God sent Joe, an' God knows best.

THE BLIND BOY

By F. L. Dawks.

It was a blessed summer's day;
The flowers bloomed, the air was mild;
The little birds poured forth their lay,
And everything in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on
Beneath the deep wood's ample shade,
Till, suddenly, I came upon
Two children who had thither strayed.

Just at an aged birch tree's foot,
A little boy and girl reclined;
His hand in hers she gently put,—
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near
A tree concealed me from their view;
But all they said I well could hear,
And I could see all that they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long:
Say, can you see him in his joy,
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,
"I see the bird on yonder tree."
The poor boy sighed, and gently said:
"Sister, I wish that I could see.

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there;
How beautiful for one who sees!

"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From these dear birds that God has made.

"So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight, alas! He has not given;
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in heaven?"

"No; dearest Edward, there all see;
But why ask me a thing so odd?"
"Oh, Mary, He's so good to me,
I thought I'd like to look at God!"

Ere long, Disease his hand had laid
On that dear boy so meek and mild;
His widowed mother wept and prayed
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said: "Oh, never weep for me;
I'm going to a bright, bright place,
Where Mary says, I God shall see!

"And you'll come there, dear Mary, too;
But, mother, dear, when you come there,
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you—
You know I never saw you here!"

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled,
Until the final blow was given;
When God took up the poor blind child,
And opened first his eyes—in heaven.

MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

My grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf,
So it stood ninety years on the floor;
It was taller by half than the old man himself,
And it weighed not a pennyweight more.
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born;
And was always his pleasure and pride;
But it stopped, short, never to go again,
When the old man died.

CHORUS.

Ninety years without slumbering,
Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick,
His life's seconds numbering,
Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick,
It stopped, short, never to go again,
When the old man died.

In watching its pondulum swing to and fro,
Many hours did he spend while a boy;
And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know,
And to share both his grief and his joy.
For it struck twenty-four, when he entered at the door,
With a blooming and beautiful bride;
But it stopped, short, never to go again,
When the old man died.

My grandfather said that of those he could hire,
Not a servant so faithful he found;
For it wasted no time and had but one desire,
At the close of each week to be wound.
And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face,
And its hands never hung by its side,
But it stopped, short, never to go again,
When the old man died.

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night,
An alarm that for years had been dumb;
And we knew that his spirit was plumed for flight,
That his hour for departure had come.
Still the clock kept the time, with a soft and muffled chime,
As we silently stood by his side,
But it stopped, short, never to go again,
When the old man died.

SHIVERING IN THE COLD

Far back in my childhood I remember the day,
I was happy and beloved, e'er I wandered away,
I was right by my mother, who sleeps 'neath the stone,
And caressed by my father but—I wander alone.

CHORUS.

Yes, alone, all alone, and I feel I'm growing old,
Yet I wander, Oh, how lonely,
I am shivering in the cold.

I remember the maiden and my heart bleeds to tell,
How I loved her, her devotion—but of this I cannot dwell,
We were wed, our path was pleasant,
And the sun of fortune shone,
But alas! I took to drinking,
And I wander alone.

I remember, too my children,
How they climbed upon my knee,
As I kissed my little darlings,
In the days when I was free;
But I squandered all my fortune,
I'm now without a home,
I know it's all from drinking,
That I wander alone.

But why do I stand trembling,
And blighted by this curse,
I know I am not mending,
I am only growing worse;
I wander lone and friendless,
I know I'm getting old,
No home, no food, no shelter,
I'm shivering in the cold.

Oh, can I break this bondage—
This awful chain in twain?
Can I escape these shackles?
Can I be free again?
Oh, help me friends of temperance,
My bondage is untold,
While I wander lone and friendless,
Shivering in the cold.

SHADOW OF THE PINES

We've wandered in the shadow of the pines, my love and I,
As the wind was flowing freshly from the sea;
But a sudden fitful darkness came across the southern sky,
And a shadow fell between my love and I.
Some hasty words were spoken, and then almost unawares,
Hasty answers, then unthinking angry ones,
But our heart-sick, fruitless longing, and our weeping and our prayers,
Ne'er can make these faults and cruel words unsaid.

CHORUS.

Come back to me, sweetheart, and love me as before;
Come back to me, sweetheart, and leave me never more;
In life's dull pathway, the sun no longer shines,
Come, love, and meet me, in the shadow of the pines.

You took that ring I gave you, you cast one glance at me,
As you held the jeweled trinket in your hand;
And then you turned and tossed it in the waters of the sea,
Where the waves were splashing idly on the sand.
You went your way unheedingly, and tears I could not hide,
You went your way and not a word did say,
But my suffering heart was breaking underneath its mask of pride,
And the pine trees sighed in pity overhead.

MY BIBLE AND I

We've traveled together, my Bible and I,
Through all kinds of weather, with smile or with sigh,
In sorrow or sunshine, in tempest or calm,
Thy friendship unchanging, my lamp and my psalm.

We've traveled together, my Bible and I,
When life had grown weary and dearth ev'n was nigh;
But all through the darkness of mists and of wrong
I found thee a solace, a prayer or a song.

So now, who shall part us, my Bible and I?
Shall ism or schism or new lights who try?
Shall shadow for substance, or stone for good bread,
Supplant its fond wisdom, give folly instead?

Ah, no, my dear Bible, revealer of light,
Thou Sword of the Spirit, put errer to flight,
And still through life's journey, until my last sigh,
We'll travel together, my Bible and I.

POEMS WANTED

Who can send the old song which has these words:

When the blossoms are white in the orchard again,
Once more this old pathway we'll tread.

The poem, beginning as follows, is wanted:

I thought on my wedding morning
That never a cloud could rise,
To mar the brightness and beauty
That gladdened the earth and the skies.

The verses entitled Sleeping Cars for Heaven are asked for.

The verses of Mary Had a Little Lamb as they were originally printed are requested.

Who knows the old song of which this is a verse:

Come on board and ship for glory,
Be in haste, make up your mind;
For the vessel's weighing anchor,
And you'll soon be left behind.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

IT IGNITED

Little Rollis, four years old, came to the table, where we had tomato soup of which he is very fond. Being very hungry, he could not wait for it to cool but hastily ate two or three spoonfuls then, laying down his spoon, he exclaimed. "My goodness! that soup is so hot it makes sparks all down me."—The January Delineator.

NTOLERABLE ITCHING

earful Eczema All Over Baby's Face —Professional Treatment Failed.

PERFECT CURE BY CUTICURA

"When my little girl was six months d I noticed small red spots on her right eek. They grew so large that I sent r the doctor, but instead of helping the ruption, his ointment seemed to make worse. Then I went to a second doc- r who said it was eczema. He also ve me an ointment which did not help ther. The disease spread all over the ce and the eyes began to swell. The ching grew intolerable and it was a ter- ble sight to see. I consulted doctors r months, but they were unable to cure e baby. I paid out from $20 to $30 ithout relief. One evening I began to e the Cuticura Remedies. The next orning the baby's face was all white stead of red. I continued until the zema entirely disappeared. Mrs. P. E. umbin, Sheldon, Ia., July 13, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

EW OHIO P. O. RULES

ystem of Fourth-Class Examination Changed.

Washington, Jan. 7.—Regulations overning examinations necessary to arry out President Roosevelt's recent rder classifying postmasters at ourth class offices in certain states, ere announced yesterday by Post- aster General Meyers.

When a vacancy occurs at an office here the salary is less than $500, simple examination will be held by he civil service commission at the earest postoffice. A higher scholas- ic test is required when a vacancy oc- urs in offices paying more than $500. In Massachusetts, New York, Ohio nd Illinois it is proposed, as an ex- periment, to provide for a personal nvestigation by a postoffice inspector o ascertain the person best fitted for ositions made vacant when the salary s less than $500. Two or three weeks ill be required to put the plan into peration.

The new scheme embraces 15,468 of he 54,312 postoffices in operation, and rings that number of positions into he classified civil service, distributed s follows: Maine, 893; New Hamp- hire, 414; Vermont, 395; Massachu- etts, 550; Rhode Island, 100; Con- ecticut, 287; New York, 2,301; New ersey, 636; Pennsylvania, 3,388; Ohio, ,693; Indiana, 1,084; Illinois, 1,505; Wisconsin, 1,008, and Michigan, 1,- 334.

HANLY SCORES LIQUOR

Warns Indiana Legislators Against Option Repeal

Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 8.—"I am ware there are some who have already elebrated the county option law's repeal ut I beg to remind all those who con- emplate its repeal that it is the livest ire in the political machinery of this ommonwealth and is charged with nough electricity to electrocute the arty that repeals it."

In these words, Gov. J. Frank Hanly, n his final message to the legislature f Indiana, delivered today, closes his ppeal in behalf of temperance after cit- ng figures tending to show that a ma- ority of the crime, pauperism, epilepsy nd poverty are due to alcohol.

The message in part says:

"Alcohol must be held responsible for bout four-fifths of the anti-social pro- ensities that make necessary the huge paraphernalia of police systems, crimin- l courts, jails, prisons and reformator- es that constitute so serious a blot upon present day civilization.

"The same cause is responsible for the mental overthrow of fully one-fourth of all the unfortunates who are sent to the asylum for the insane, for the misfortune of two-fifths of the abandon- ed children and for the moral delin- quency of at least one-half of the con- victs in our prisons and not less than four-fifths of the inmates of our jails and almshouses."

ENEMY OF RIVER BILL

Frye, With Cannon's Aid, Would Head It Off.

Washington, Jan. 6.—There will be no river and habor bill during the present session if Senator Frye can prevent it. He is chairman of the sen- ate committee on commerce, which has charge of such bills, and naturally occupies a position of paramount in- fluence.

The senator has begun an active canvass against any effort to get through a bill during the present ses- sion, and in the hope of heading it off at its source has taken up the subject with members of the house of repre- sentatives, including Speaker Cannon.

"I am opposed to a river and har- bor bill at this session," said Mr. Frye today, "because I do not believe that river and harbor legislation ought to be undertaken in the short sessions of congress."

IF TAFT SHOULD DIE

Bill Gives Congress Power to Fix Succession.

Washington, Jan. 7.—To provide a means for selecting the successor to a president-elect in the event of his death between election day and March 4, Representative Burke yes- terday introduced a resolution to amend the constitution so as to give congress the power to determine how the successor in that event should be chosen.

Low Fares to the Cheap Lands

January 19

Plan to go on one low-fare tickets over Frisco-C. & E. I. Lines one way and return ra cost. You will see west than you could can better decide Ask the ticket agent ger the Rock Island- lines, either through Kansas City, St. Birmingham, accord

If you will tell me go, I will tell you the send you a map- I will also send you books about the inform you of oppor- you there, and will possibilities. Write

JOHN SEBASTIAN, 1929 LaSalle Sta., 1929 Frisco Bldg., Chicago

Feb. 2 and 16

of these days— much. These special the Rock Island- will allow you to go another, without ex- more of the South- in any other way, and where to locate.

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Rock Island SOUTHWEST FRISCO

AMERICAN LOST IN EARTHQUAKE

ARTHUR S. CHENEY.

The United States consul at Messina, who was killed when that city was shattered by Italy's great earth- quake.

Home of A. S. Cheney and His Wife Has Not Yet Been Uncovered.

Messina, Jan. 7.—A party of men un- der the direction of Major Landis, the American military attache at Rome, has been working for four days to extricate the bodies of A. S. Cheney and his wife from the ruins of the American consul- ate. The apartment of the Cheneys has not yet been uncovered, and many feet of wreckage still remain to be removed.

Bayard Cutting, Jr., Winthrop Chan- ler, and Stuart K. Lupton, American consular representatives, are making ev- ery effort to trace Americans supposed to have been in the earthquake zone, but so far without success.

Will Isolate Messina.

The authorities have determined to isolate Messina as the only means of pre- venting an outbreak of serious illness. The relief parties complain that the starving refugees refuse the most nu- tritious food, and want only maccaroni.

The work of the soldiers in Messina consists principally in gathering up dead bodies and burying them in trenches be- tween the layers of quicklime. Out of respect to the prevailing religious feel- ing it was determined not to burn the dead.

The work of relief is now well under way in Messina, but the smaller towns in the interior are being neglected. Ships arriving on the scene henceforward will be sent to the coast towns, and parties will go inland with supplies. The Eng- lish have established a splendid relief camp in the hills behind San Giovanni.

Search for Survivors.

The search for survivors is still going on, and yesterday seven living persons were taken out of the ruins. The ma- jority of those found alive are children and elderly people, who evidently did not expend their energies in vain efforts to free themselves.

The policy of clearing Messina was inaugurated with the refusal of the authorities to furnish people with food unless they agreed to embark for trans- portation elsewhere. This has been done to discourage peasants coming down from the mountains to take advantage of the free distribution of rations.

IS BALDNESS DOOMED?

Baltimore Specialist Says It Is Unnecessary, and Proves It.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 13.—The intense in- terest in the wonderful work that is being accomplished in Baltimore and other cities by William Chas. Keene, president of the Lorrimer Institute, continues un- abated. Many cases of baldness and faded hair of years' standing have been remedied by the remrkable preparation being distributed from Mr. Keene's labor- atory, and its fame is spreading far and wide and thousands of persons are using this remarkable hair food with gratifying results.

What makes this treatment more popu- lar is the fact that free trial outfits are sent by mail prepaid. Those who wish to try it are strongly advised to write to Mr. Keene at the Lorrimer Institute, Branch 154, Baltimore, Md. They will receive the full trial outfit free of charge and much useful information about the hair which will put them on the road to a rapid and **certain improvement.**

ARE STILL GUESSING

Washington Dopesters Busy Cabinet Making.

Washington, Jan. 11.—Although President-elect Taft and Senator Knox have solemnly declared that the com- position of the new cabinet shall not be made known until some time in March, speculation still is rife as to who will be on Taft's advisory board.

The following, as probable choices for some of the cabinet berths still in dispute, seem to be most generally ac- cepted:

George W. Wickersham, New York lawyer, Solicitor General Hoyt or Richard A. Ballinger, for attorney general.

Secretary Straus or Charles Nagel, of St. Louis, for secretary of com- merce and labor.

James Wilson or Gifford Pinchot, department of agriculture.

Luke E. Wright, secretary of war (temporarily).

Postmaster General Meyer may be retained. John W. Ban urged by southerners.

ASKS 4 SEA MONSTERS

Wants the Congress to Authorize an Entire Squadron of Ships.

Washington, Jan. 7.—The authoriza- tion of an entire squadron of four mon- ster battleships was urged upon the house committee on naval affairs when Secretary Newberry appeared before that committee yesterday. Besides the battleships, he said that the navy should be provided with four new scout cruisers, ten destroyers, four subma- rines, three colliers, one repair ship, one ammunition ship and two mine-lay- ing ships.

The testimony of Secretary Newberry was first taken by the committee in regard to the proposed increase in the navy this year. The committee already has finished its consideration of the regular appropriation for the navy.

Secretary Newberry told the com- mittee the new battleships should be of the heavy single calibre, all big gun type, and added that it was desirable that a squadron of eight of these ships be completed as soon as possible.

FREE!

LET US TREAT YOUR

CATARRH.

One Package of our Combined Catarrh treatment mailed you on five days' trial FREE.

Catarrh Cream is a wonderful med- ical discovery for all forms of catarrh. Wool Fat is the secretions extracted from the wool of the sheep. It is very penetrating and acts as the vehicle to carry the other medicinal properties to afflicted parts, and it does its work well. No more K'hawking and Spit- ting or Foul, Sickening Breath.

TESTIMONIAL.

(We have thousands as strong)

Williamsport, Pa., Dec. 28, '08.

I enclose you two applications for your treat- ment for catarrh. I bought my treatment nine years ago and during this period have supplied nearly 200 catarrh sufferers and have only had one treatment returned to me as unsatisfactory. (Signed.) Rev. J. D. W. Deavor.

[Please read to the end.]

The Nickel-plated Corona we mail to you, together with the Wool Fat Ca- tarrh Cream, and you do not pay one cent if the preparation is not entirely satisfactory after the five days' trial.

We do not ask that you take our word for it, and pay for something before you see just what you are buy- ing, but ask that you try our COM- BINATION treatment for five days.

SPECIAL FREE TRIAL OFFER.

If you will write us, mentioning this paper, we will mail you our COM- BINATION treatment for a five days' trial FREE. If the treatment gives perfect satisfaction, send us $1.00. If you are not satisfied simply return the instrument (only costs 3c postage) and you will still have your money.

CORONA MFG. Co.,

8 Elmore Block, Ashland, O.

TEN SHOCKS AN HOUR

Quakes Continue and Fire Completes Destruction Among the Ruins in Italy.

Messina, Jan. 7.—Earthquake shocks are still continuing here at the rate of about ten per hour. Fire also has again broken out, completing the destruction of the city hall and the records stored therein.

The latest provisional statement drawn up shows that sixty towns were destroy- ed and gives the number of dead in these as 165,653. This does not include hos- pital deaths.

2,300 Are Rescued.

General Mazza, the commander at Me- sina, has sent the following despatch to Premier Giolitti: "Today, as on preced- ing days, search is continuing among the debris for injured. Ten were found today. The probability of finding others is diminishing every day, indeed every hour, but the search is still going on and will be continued while one is found alive.

"At least 2,300 persons have been extracted alive from the ruins About 200 bodies have been buried with every precaution. Every facility has been given to the refugees to leave the city. I am convinced that their removal is neces- sary in the present condition of the city.

Shocks in Switzerland.

Berne, Switzerland, Jan. 7.—Severe earth shocks have occurred at Zermatt, one of the most famous and frequented resorts of Switzerland, and Saint Nichola- las. The direction of the shocks was from southeast to northwest.

Relief Party Starts.

Rome, Jan. 7.—A special train left here this morning for Civita Vecchia with the American relief party, head- ed by Ambassador Griscom, on board.

They will sail for Messina on board the steamer Bayern, chartered to con- vey the American relief to the south. The party includes William Hooper, of Boston; Nelson Gay, of Boston; John Elliott, Wilfred Thompson and a score of other Americans, including doctors and nurses.

Mrs. Griscom, Mrs. Gay and Mrs. Elliott accompanied the relief workers as far as Civita Vecchia.

Will Meet Sperry.

The ambassador is going only as far as the Strait of Messina, where he will start the Bayern on its work of relief. He will meet Admiral Sperry, who is coming from Port Said on board the flagship Connecti- cut, in the strait, and return with the Connecticut to Naples.

The American battleships following the Conecticut north will be placed at the disposal of the Italian authorities.

WRIGHT ENTANGLED

Aeronaut Named in French Divorce Suit.

Paris, Jan. 8.—Wilbur Wright of Dayton, Ohio, whose aeronautic feats have staggered the world, has been made co-respondent in a divorce suit brought by LieutenantGou-Jarde.

The lieutenant's company is stationed at Champagny, near La Mans, where most of Wright's flights were made. Madame Goujarde is an enthusiast over aeronautics and was a spectator at many of Wright's ascensions.

The trial is set for February.

RAISE PAY OF PRESIDENT

Amended Appropriation Bill Makes Executive's Salary $100,000.

Washington, Jan. 7.—By an amend- ment to the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill which, today, was reported to the senate from the com- mittee on finance, the salary of the President of the United States is in- creased from $50,000 to $100,000 a year, the increase to include the $25,000 now annually appropriated for the Presi- dent's traveling expenses.

Amendments also were reported from the finance committee, increasing the salaries of the vice president and the speaker of the house from $12,000 to $20,000 a year.

The amendments were referred by the senate to the committee on appropria- tions which, if it approves them, will incorporate them in the appropriation bill which is now under consideration and report them back to the senate for action.

WHAT TILLMAN SAYS

Seeking to Refute Charges, Senator Attributes Them to Bitter Personal Animosity.

Washington, Jan. 11.—Declaring that the president had been actuated by mo- tives of malice and revenge in attacking his course in connection with the Coos Bay, Oregon, land grant, Senator Till- man, of South Carolina, from his seat in the Senate, today made reply to the accusations of the chief executive.

His speech was read from manuscript, and was a characteristic mixture of arg- ument and invective. The Senate cham- ber itself was well filled and from the first the Senator received most careful attention.

But when Senator Tillman closed his speech at 12:59, there was no demonstra- tion of applause, and the immense crowd in the galleries rapidly cleared out.

The galleries indulged in no outbreak, although there was occassional suppress- ed laughter.

Senator Tillman's health is such that he concluded not to attempt any unusu- ally severe language in his reply. He said, however, preceding his speech, that friends counting upon the denunciation of the chief executive would have no occassion to complain if they be patient, for he expects to find other opportunities.

"I have doubtless given Mr. Roosevelt cause to seek revenge," said the senator. "I have arraigned him in the senate for tyrannical invasion of the rights of con- gress, for disobedience of the law and the neglect of duty. I was not aware these darts of mine had quivered in the execu- tive hide and stung him so, but Theodore Roosevelt enjoys to the limit the feeling of getting even with Ben Tillman, doubt- less believing the pitchfork has gone out of business.

Reason for Haste.

"A probable reason for the President's great haste," said the senator, "was that he sought to distract attention from the action of the house on laying part of his message on the table.

"He (the President) has prepared his indictment with consummate ability and skill. He is even cunning in the ap- parently innocent pretense that in making a search through the secret service for one kind of malefactor he has run down another. Mark you, he has been in the possession of all the facts in this case since July last, and men will be curious to know why, if his zeal was honest, he did not make them known then."

Mr. Tillman said he did not deny the authenticity of the letter or the telegram referred to by the President, and he pre- sumed the letter from William E. Lee was a correct copy, but he was not aware of its existence. Taking up the President's statement concerning Dorr, a land agent making his filings through Reeder & Wat- kins, of Marshfield, Oregon, Mr. Tillman says:

Called Dorr a Swindler.

"It will be noted that I accused Dorr in the senate, of being a swindler and asked the postoffice department to issue a fraud order against him. The sleuths which the President put on my trail have made their report, and a perusal of it ought to show that instead of endeavoring to justify the fraud order against Dorr, they were really put to work to investigate me and en- deavor to discover something to my dis- credit, while the President directed the investigation. The falsehood is proved on Dorr, and yet the President declared the assault which Senator Tillman made on Mr. Dorr was according to the report of the inspector, a wanton assault made to cover up Senator Tillman's own trans- actions. No such statement was made by the inspector.

"The swindlers had secured a good many thousands of dollars before the exposure in the senate stopped people from being duped. and yet Theodore Roosevelt, who poses as the only remain- ing honest man in public life, in the face of these facts, has felt called upon to attack the character of a man whose in- tegrity has never before been questioned and whose official position is second only to his own.

About the Lying.

"How about the lying. My letter of February 15, of which the President has secured a photographic copy, antedated by four days my statement in the senate that I had not bought any land or under- taken to buy any, and the President con- siders this positive proof of falsehood. I did not say I had not considered the purchase of land; I did not say I had not contemplated the purchase of land, be- cause I had done both.

"A moment's thought will convince any honest minded man that as I had not signed any papers, had not paid any money, had taken nobody's receipt, the usual processes by which one undertakes to buy land, I was speaking accurately and not falsely. Everything hinges on the meaning of the word 'undertaken' and my use of it.

"According to the report of the attorney general, Harriman, the President's dear friend, still holds, in defiance of law up- wards of two millions of acres of the best lands of Oregon and California and refuses to sell them at any price. Can the President deny that my activity se- cured the passage of the resolution in- structing the attorney general to bring suit for the recovery of this land for the use of the actual settlers?"

Wanted to Buy Land.

Senator Tillman told how his attention had been brought to this land while at Spokane, Wash., in October, 1907. He wrote to Reeder & Watkins, asking for information and telling them of his desire to purchase some of the land if possible. After returning to Washington, D. C., in December, he let the matter drop, he believing it to be a "very doubtful proposi- tion" until Mr. Lee showed him a letter from Reeder & Watkins, which Mr. Till- man said had been stolen from the desk in his committee room along with other papers in this case, and declared that the theft was probably by some of the secret service sleuths.

"When Reeder & Watkins," he said, "indicated their desire that I should exert my influence in the senate, I wrote the letter of which the President obtained a photographic copy. In the meantime and before that letter was written from my invitations and after a conference with the attorney general, I introduced the two resolutions of January 31, one calling on the attorney general for information and the other, which became a law, instruct- ing him to institute suits.

Lost Faith in Scheme.

"I was still anxious to obtain some of the land if it could be done legally and wrote Reeder & Watkins to that effect, but my faith in them and in the whole scheme died when I received the circulars of Dorr which came to me on February 17 and 18 from three different directions showing the widespread circulation of them.

"The President's sleuths set to do the dirty work of spying on a senator when that senator has exposed a fraud which was being perpetrated on the public, re- ported to him on July 27. I had nothing to do with the change in the law of which the President complains in regard to the secret service. So the President's animus is not against me on the same ground for which he has attacked Messrs. Tawney, Smith and others in the house, but one of personal malice engendered by hatred be- cause of my course in the senate during the last seven years.

"The President gloats over the fact that my letter was written just four days be- fore he announced in the senate that he (I) had not undertaken to buy any land in the west, as clinching his contention that I have lied to the senate. The records show that in the interim the Dorr circular had been sent to me. It might be well to inquire whether or not the attorney general has been ordered not to obey the law of congress passed last April, which I will call the Tillman-Bonaparte law ordering suit to be instituted for the re- covery of these lands.

Awaits the Verdict.

"The President, having convicted Till- man, preceeded to clear Dorr in both cases contrary to the facts, and smilingly stares from the center of the stage which it is his greatest delight to occupy, and complacently looks to have the American people and the senate give their approval to his verdict. I await that verdict calmly and without fear and will gladly abide by it."

Courts Investigation.

"In conclusion, Mr. President, I court the most searching investigation, nay, I demand it. I declare most emphatically I have never sought to conceal my effort to buy land; I spoke to the attorney gen- eral about it; I explained to the agent of the secret service the whole transac- tion when I gave him the Dorr circular and the letters which had been sent me concerning it.

"The question of motive will at last control and it cannot be shown that I have any reason to conceal anything. I invite comparison of my private life and my public work as a man and a senator with Theodore Roosevelt or any other man, and feel absolutely sure of the ground upon which I stand."

"MOUTH OF HELL."

Terrific Tempest and Fresh Shock Cause New Terror in Messina.

Messina, Jan. 11.—Search for buried victims of Italy's great earthquake still continues.

Yesterday noon a man named Ben- saja, who had spent 14 days without food locked in the ruins of his home, was taken out unconscious and resus- citated.

Saturday a married couple were re- moved not only alive, but conscious. Their imprisonment had lasted thir- teen days.

Terrific Tempest.

Saturday night a terrific tempest, accompanied by earthquake shocks, arose, causing a number of fresh col- lapses in the ruined city and spread- ing new terror among the survivors.

Over 60 feet of the landing quays in the harbor was swept away, carrying off a large quantity of provisions stored there and several horses. Two soldiers narrowly escaped death. Near Giarre an immense fissure opened. It was 650 feet long, three feet wide and 65 feet deep and has been styled by the people "the mouth of hell."

Consulate Besieged.

The American consulate, where the stores from the relief ship Bayern are being distributed, was besieged all day yesterday by a crowd of hungry refu- gees.

The American fleet which arrived here Saturday morning and left Sat- urday night, made a great impression. Expressions of gratitude and admira- tion are still heard on all sides. Ad- miral Sperry's last act before leaving was to send a launch with a burial party to convey the body of Mrs. A. J. Ogston, wife of the British consul, across the straits to the English ceme- tery.

Sperry Storm-Bound.

Naples, Jan. 11.—Owing to a storm, Rear Admiral Sperry has not landed from the United States battleship Con- necticut, which arrived here yesterday.

As the battleship entered the harbor, Admiral Morengo, commander of the naval department here, who knew Ad- miral Sperry at the time of the Spanish American war, sent him a wireless mes- sage congratulating him on the fleet's suc- cessful circumnavigation of the world. Admiral Sperry replied cordially in the name of the American navy.

May Call on King.

The length of Admiral Sperry's stay here will be determined after a con- sultation. He may go to Rome to pay his respects to the king or he may remain here until after the arrival of the Celtic, whose suplies he will likely distribute. The American ambassa- dor will return to Rome immediately where matters in connection with the relief work will engage his attention.

Already many Italians in the United States are applying for transportation for their relatives in Sicily and Cala- bria to that country, and while it is thought that the relief funds could not be better employed than in aiding the homeless refugees to make a new start in life in America, there are legal complications involved which would first have to be settled at Washington.

Campania Returns.

The hospital ship Campania re- turned yesterday to Capri from Mes- sina. The relief party on the steamer, which included several Americans, took care of 600 wounded and buried 300 dead. Eighteen refugees were brought back.

Invest $10; Earn $180

That's what's open to investors in Peruvian Gold Mining Corporation stock after the first dredge.

The Peruvian Gold Mining Corporation, you know, owns outright eleven mines with 384 claims, valued at $92,000,000 in the richest min- ing section of the world. You can become a partner in this wonderful money making cor- poration by investing in ten shares ($1.00 a share, full paid and non-assessable.) After the first dredging year you are bound to make $180. We've a booklet, "A Different Kind of a Gold Mining Proposition," that proves it. Free copies mailed on request. It also tells about the free stock now being given away as bonuses. Don't delay. Write at once for full particulars.

Peruvian Gold Mining Corporation 624 Gardner Bldg., TOLEDO, OHIO

MICHIGAN SALOONS

Local Option Elections in Thirty Counties Next Spring.

Lansing, Mich., Jan. 7.—Thirty coun- ties in Michigan, all but one of which are in the Lower Peninsula, will vote on the liquor question next spring. There is every indication that at least twenty of these will go dry and a possibility the number will be larger.

In eleven counties the petitions were submitted to the supervisors at their October sessions and the vote ordered, and at the January meeting of the super- visors in nineteen counties the necessary petitions will be submitted.

There are now eleven dry counties out of the 84 in the state. Following are the dry counties: St. Joseph, Oakland, Mis- saukee, Oceana, Barry, Gratiot, Osceola, Van Buren, Clinton, Midland and Wex- ford.

Following are the counties where pro- hition will be submitted this coming spring: Alcona, Mecosta, Ottawa, Tus- cola, Eaton, Huron, Lapeer, Kalkaska, Montcalm, Sanilac and Genesee, in all of which the supervisors have already ordered the election, and the following counties where the petitions will be pre- sented to the supervisors this month: Allegan, Berrien, Branch, Calhoun, Charlevoix, Clare, Dickinson, Emmet, Hillsdale, Ionia, Isabella, Iosco, Jackson, Lake, Livingston, Monroe, Newaygo and Washtenaw.

Many large cities, including Jackson, Battle Creek, Monroe, Big Rapids, Hol- land and Petoskey are included in the prospective dry lists.

Only one county of the Upper Penin sula, Dickinson, is included.

While no exact figures are available the total number of saloons in the coun- ties where the question will be sub- mitted is approximately 900 and, includ- ing several breweries and wholesale liquor houses, the value of the liquor property is in the neighborhood of $500,- 000.

Superintendent G. W. Morrow, of the Michigan Anti-Saloon league, wants $2,000 to finance the lobby which the league will maintain in Lansing during the session of the legislature which opened this week. He has been sending a circular appeal for funds to people throughout the state. The letter also gives the following as the program of the league:

I. To hold onto what temperance legislation we have.

II. (a) Ask the legislature for the en- actment of a township and precinct local option law.

(b) For a law that will prevent the shipment of intoxicating liquors into dry counties.

(c) For a law that will give oppor- tunity for searching suspicious resorts and seizing contraband liquors.

(d) Shall oppose any attempt to fasten the saloons more firmly on any com- munity by the increase of the state license fee.

(e) Shall oppose any bill looking to the payment for saloon fixtures, brew- eries, etc., that the people have voted out of business.

A SLAP AT T. R.

House Tables President's Secret Service Recommendation.

Washington, Jan. 9.—After having made him the target all day for criti- cism, with here and there words of commendation, the house of repre- sentatives last night by a vote of 212 to 35 rebuked the President by tabling so much of his messages as reflected on members of congress in connection with his recommendations regarding the secret service detectives, and by also declaring it to be the sense of the house that they shall decline to con- sider any communications from any source which is not in its own judg- ment respectful.

With feelings of outraged dignity and pride on the part of many of its members, the house yesterday gave itself up entirely to a discussion of one of the most momentous questions that ever came before it—its functions as a legislative body—in contradistinc- tion to those of the executive branch of the government.

As had been forecasted, the report of the special committee appointed to deal with the language in the Pre- sident's annual message and in his special message of last Monday bear- ing on the secret service affecting members of congress was submitted and it was used as the basis for some of the most earnest and vigorous speeches ever heard in the historic chamber. The house was in no mood to treat the subject otherwise than seriously, although in the remarks which were made the references to the President, almost invariably, were couched in parliamentary language. Nor was the President without his supporters. In anticipation of the re- port, the effect of which was to ad- minister a rebuke to the President, there was one of the largest attend- ances of members of this session, while the galleries at all times were filled to their capacity.

Toward the close of the debate, Mr. Gardner, of Massachusetts, vainly en- deavored to secure, first the adoption of a substitute for the resolution in the shape of an amendment, expres- sive of confidence in the committee on appropriations, and then the post- ponement of the whole matter until Monday, but he was overwhelmingly out-voted.

WRIGHT STORY MYTH?

Cavalry Regiment and Woman's Name Are Missing.

Paris, Jan. 9.—Wilbur Wright, aero- naut, today denied any acquaintance with Madame Goujadre, wife of a supposed lieutenant of that name, who is reported to have named Wright in a suit for di- vorce, alleging that Madame Goujadre set out to win the attentions of the American areonaut on a wager.

Inquiries made at Le Mans last night elicited statements to the effect that noth- ing was known there concerning the com- mencement of a divorce suit or of any in contemplation. No calvary regiment is stationed at Le Mans and no such name as Goujadre, which was given as that of the lieutenant, said to have brought the suit, appears in the army list.

ROOSEVELT AND TILLMAN

President Accuses So. Carolina Senator of Working Government in Land Deal.

Washington, Jan. 9.—President Roose- velt last night made public details of an investigation by postoffice inspectors and secret service agents of Senator Till- man's connection with an alleged "land grab" in Oregon. As he presents the evi- dence to Senator Hale, in response to the latter's request to the heads of the various executive departments for a statement of the operations of the secret service, the President undertakes to show:

That Mr. Tillman used his influence as a senator in an effort to force the gov- ernment to compel a railroad corpora- tion to relinquish its control of land grants from the United States in order that he and his family and his secre- tary, J. B. Knight, might profit through the purchase of some of the land;

That the senator used his government franking privilege in numerous instances for the conduct of private business.

Comparatively few senators were fa- vored with the opportunity of reading the President's report to Senator Hale, but those who did read the report took a serious view of it, although most of the senators refused to believe that Mr. Till- man had ever done anything in viola- tion of his oath as a senator.

Senator Tillman did not permit the fact that the President was giving out the charges against him to alter his de- termination to make no statement until Monday. He said that he could not make his reply so complete as he would desire for tomorrow's papers and that he would therefore withhold whatever remarks he might have to make until Monday, when he would make a statement to the sen- ate. No effort was made by him to con- ceal the fact that when he had learned the facts concerning the railroad grant he had made an effort to obtain portions of the land in the names of himself and members of his family, but declared that as, at most, he could have gotten posses- sion of only a few hundred acres, his ef- forts were, after all, in behalf of the public and not especially in his own in- terest.

In his letter to Senator Hale the President first defended the secret ser- vice, declaring it essential as a safe- guard to the public, and also recom- mended a special service be attached to the department of justice to be "used in any of the other departments as needed," the inference being in cases similar to that of Senator Tillman.

The President exhibited letters in his communication which passed between Senator Tillman and the firm of Reeder & Watkins, of Marshfield, Oregon, at- torneys for land agents. The first from the senator was dated October 20, 1907, and asks for the reservation of nine quarter sections for himself and mem- bers of his family.

On February 19, 1908, a circular was brought to the notice of the senate by Mr. Tillman, in which he was adver- tised as a purchaser of Oregon land. A letter of later date was shown, written to the Oregon firm by William E. Lee, representing Senator Tillman, saying that the senator could handle things from the Washington end. Tillman's resolution for suits against the alleged land grabbers appeared in the senate January 31, 1908, and the President quotes from a letter written by Senator Tillman, through Mr. Lee, in which he says: "If I can succeed in causing the gov- ernment suits for the recovery of the land it will make it easier for myself as well as others to obtain some of it."

President Roosevelt concludes his let- ter to Senator Hale by saying: "This letter, in which Senator Tillman request- ed that eight of the best quarter sec- tions be held in reserve for him was written just four days before he an- nounced in the senate that he had not undertaken to buy any land in the west. It is unnecessary to comment upon his proposal, made in this letter, to use his influence as senator to force the gov- ment to institute suits which would make it easy for him personally to obtain some of the land. This letter, purely pertaining to Mr. Tillman's personal and private business, was sent in a franked envelope."

Answer This Question

When thousands of women say that they have been cured of their ailments by a certain remedy, does this not prove the merit of that remedy?

Thousands of women have written the story of their suffering, and have told how they were freed from it by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound — for thirty years these reports have been published all over America.

Without great merit this medicine could never have gained the largest sale of any remedy for woman's ills — never could have become known and prized in nearly every country in the world.

Can any woman let prejudice stand between her and that which will restore her health? If you believe those who have tried it you know this medicine *does* cure.

Read this letter from a grateful woman, then make up your mind to give Mrs. Pinkham's medicine a chance to cure you.

Brooklyn, N. Y. — "I am a firm believer in Lydia E. Pink- ham's Vegetable Compound. I was a great sufferer from organic female troubles for years, and almost despaired of ever being well again. I had bearing-down pains, backache, headache and pains in my abdomen, and tried Mrs. Pinkham's Compound as a last resort. The result was astonishing, and I have used it and advocated it ever since. It is a great boon to expectant mothers. I have often said that I should like to have its merits thrown on the sky with a search-light so that women would read and be convinced that there is a remedy for their suffe ings. "My husband joins me in its praise. He has used it for kidney trouble and been entirely cured." — Mrs. E. A. Bishop, 1915 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

RAINED HOT BIRD-SHOT

California Phenomenon May Be Due to Meteor.

Santa Cruz, Cal., Jan. 7.—It rained hot birdshot at Santa Cruz for nearly an hour yesterday, according to Mrs. W. H. Burns and her neighbors. Some of the shot have been preserved.

Mrs. Burns' curiosity was aroused by the antics of barefoot children playing in front of her house. They told her the air was full of electricity and that hot shot were falling from the clouds.

She heard a clatter on the housetop that sounded like hail and saw little white threads of steam rising from neighboring roofs. This steam was found to be the result of the dropping of little hot globules on the damp shin- gles.

At one time the children, who were bareheaded and unshod, were compelled to take to cover. One boy carries a burn on his finger where one of these hot pellets struck him.

One theory is that the metallic rain was due to a meteor. The pellets are about the size of No. B shot.

CHARGE BIG FORGERY

Prominent Mining Broker of Oakland, Cal., Is Arrested.

Oakland, Cal., Jan. 8.—F. B. Signor, prominent real estate promoter and mining broker of this city, was arrested last night on complaint sworn to by James H. Murray, a multi-millionaire banker and mining man of Mon- tana, Salt Lake city and Seattle, but more recently of Monterey, Cal.

He charged Signor with for- geries aggregating nearly one million dollars.

Signor is alleged to have forged Murray's name to four notes of $100,000 each, as well as to num- erous other negotiable documents.

JUDGE WRIGHT WARNED

Threatened Because of Labor Case Decision.

Washington, Jan. 8.—Because of the re- ceipt of numerous letters of a threaten- ing character by Judge Wright growing out of his recent decision in the labor contempt case, Major Sylvester, chief of police, said yesterday that he had in- structed the captains of the precinct in which the justice resides "to take such precautions as ordinarily would be taken to protect a citizen from the possible work of cranks."

GOMPERS HITS JUDGE

Calls Injunction and Sentence Grossly Unjust.

Baltimore, Md., Jan. 11.—In what he said was his first reference to the re- cent sentence of himself, John Mitchell and Secretary Morrison, of the Ameri- can Federation of Labor, Samuel Gom- pers yesterday said:

"The granting of the injunction and the sentence imposed by Judge Wright were grossly unjust, and not even a judge nor his sentence can put a stig- ma upon my colleagues nor myself nor make criminals of us.

"The injustice of it is shown by the fact that the very things we are for- bidden to do every other citizen has the right to do, and it is this that we are protesting against."

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Short- ness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Pain before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Op- pressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ank- les, or Neuralgia around heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets, the remedy which has made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medi- cine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets will cure you.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to Dr. F. G. Kins- man, Box 846, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay. Write at once.

INCREASE YOUR POTATO PROFITS

Late Petoskey Will Do it

Our new seedling. A prodigious yielder of **Large, Round, Smooth, White, Deliciously flavored** tubers. Vigorous grower; handsome in ap- pearance. Splendid shipper. Cooks dry and mealy. For 25c (stamps or coin) will mail 1 lb. Late Petoskey 1909 catalog of sure to grow **Northern Grown Seeds** and coupon good for **$00 worth Free Seeds.** Catalog alone mailed free. Write quick. Darling & Beahan, 324 Mich. St., Petoskey, Mich.

NIGHT RIDERS GUILTY

Eight Are Convicted and Six of Them May Suffer Death Penalty.

Union City, Tenn., Jan. 8.—With a ver- dict of guilty in varying degrees, the jury in the night rider trials reported at 8:45 last night.

The twelve men found Garrett Johnson, Tid Burton, Roy Ransom, Fred Pinion, Arthur Cloar and Sam Applewhite guilty of murder in the first degree with miti- gating circumstances, and Bud Morris and

QUAKES PLAY HAVOC

Many Cities Are Shaken and Damaged and Many Injured on Pacific Coast.

Bellingham, Wash., Jan. 12—Reports from the San Juan islands state that yesterday's earthquake shock was severe there. At Point Stanley, Lopez, East Sound, Olga, and other places, buildings were damaged to a considerable extent. No casualties are reported.

Seattle, Wash., Jan. 12.—A series of earthquake shocks that played havoc with a dozen cities and towns in Washington and British Columbia, snapped the Alaska cable and caused immense volumes of smoke to rise from Mount Baker, a dormant volcano, are reported today from northwest Pacific coast points.

Vibratory Convulsions.

The shocks were felt from 8:40 to 8:55 yesterday afternoon. In many places the trembling was a violent vibratory convulsion that swayed buildings and caused numerous smaller structures to tumble.

Panic, in which several are reported to have been injured, followed the shocks in Bellingham, Wash. Bricks and plaster were shaken from buildings and fell on fleeing people, who rushed into the streets by hundreds.

Much Damage Done.

An earthquake shock caused considerable damage at Port Townsend, Wash., at 8:50, lasting from ten to fifteen seconds.

Reports show that the force of the shock extended over an area of hundreds of miles square, and in several places two distinct shocks, separated by more than a minute, were felt.

In many places in this city, where water pipes lay in frozen ground, the earthquake broke the pipes and flooded houses.

Officers at Fort Worden say that both Fort Worden and Fort Flagler were badly shaken. The signal corps officers report the parting of the Alaska cable.

Reports of shocks also have been received from Victoria, Dumas, Tacoma and Everett. Two distinct earthquake shocks were felt at 3:51 in Everett and vicinity, traveling from east to west.

Buildings Were Shaken.

Vancouver, B. C., Jan. 12.—At 3:44 o'clock this afternoon a distinct shock of earthquake was felt in Vancouver and in many other cities on the coast.

A telegram from Victoria says that buildings were shaken there to a noticeable degree. The shock lasted about fifteen seconds.

OCEAN GIANT PLANNED

Navy May Build Ship Bigger Than Dreadnaught.

Washington, Jan. 8.—Plans have been outlined by the bureau of construction of the navy for a great battleship of 25,000 tons, larger than the Dreadnaught type, designed to carry eight fourteen-inch guns.

Representative Foss, of Illinois, chairman of the naval affairs committee, endeavored to learn whether any appropriation would be required this year for the construction of a larger ship than has been built heretofore, should the construction of such a ship be authorized by congress.

He specified a ship of 25,000 tons and Rear Admiral Capps replied that his bureau has outlined plans for such a ship and would need an appropriation this year.

TONG WAR SETTLED

Peace Pact Signed By San Franciso Chinese

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 8.—Twelve Chinese tongs, including the On Yicks and the Suey Dons, which have been engaged in bitter warfare for some weeks past, have affixed their seals and signatures to a peace pact which binds them to keep the peace in the Chinese quarter or suffer dire consequences.

The direct action of the truce is to call a general meeting at which every tong is to be represented, when all grievances will be presented and peaceful methods of settling all disputes between the warring factions be discussed.

TOM LAWSON ROBBED

Clothing, Ornaments and Liquors Taken.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 6.—Segoney Minatoo, a Japanese servant in the employ of L. W. Amster, in Brookline, was arraigned on charges of larceny, and held in $3,000 bail. Minatoo was arrested while attempting to pawn goods stolen from the Amster home. In his room stolen property from the Amster residence and articles of clothing, ornaments and liquors taken from Thomas W. Lawson's home were found. The value of the goods amount to $500. A confession was secured from him to the effect that he robbed the Lawson home.

Free Receipt For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and, so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Mr. A. E. Robinson, 3968 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

® Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

CARMICHAEL CONFESSES

Officials Who Have Worked on Church Murder Don't Believe Pastor's Statements.

Port Huron, Mich., Jan. 12.—Local officers who have been working on the Battle Run murder mystery ridicule the confession which Rev. Carmichael left behind him yesterday in Carthage, Ill., to the effect that Gideon Browning exercised hypnotic influence over him and that it led to the killing of Browning. Under-Sheriff Petit said: "That was not intended for a deathbed confession. Carmichael wrote that with the idea that he would mail it to the sheriff and then be brought back here to stand trial. He then found it getting too hot for him and committed suicide."

That portion of the confession saying that the minister expected to perform a wedding ceremony for Browning is particularly ridiculous. It was well known in the village of Adair that Browning was a married man who was separated from his wife. His son lived with him at the home of his sister, Mrs. Smith.

The alleged visit of the two men to a hardware store where Carmichael said Browning compelled him by hypnotism to purchase the hatchet and their visit to the restaurant where the minister says Browning paid the bill cannot be confirmed. No hardware dealer in the city and no restauranteur can recall any two customers resembling the actors in the murder mystery. Neither have any of the investigators of the murder found at any time anything to confirm the minister's statement that the two knives with which he cut up Browning belonged to the carpenter.

After hearing Mrs. Carmichael's statements that she never knew of her husband studying mesmerism or hypnotism, Prosecutor Brown said that he is convinced the widow has withheld nothing which she knows that would throw light on the minister's action.

Prosecutor Brown said: "Browning was a weak, simple-minded man. I doubt if he even knew what hypnotism was. He certainly could not have exercised such an influence over Carmichael. I shall always believe that there was a deep motive behind the crime."

Mrs. Carmichael Prostrated.

Mrs. Carmichael is sick in bed at her home. The shock of yesterday's news, after the strain she has endured since the crime was discovered, was more than she could bear, and for the first time she broke down. But she is still firm in the belief that her husband was insane when he killed Gideon Browning.

"I cannot imagine anything now more than before, that would lead my husband to do such a thing. He was insane. I remember so well now. Just two weeks before the affair I remember of his complaints about trouble with his head. At that time he said that he felt as if he were going crazy; that he was going to have more trouble. That, I believe, brought on his insanity.

"So this is the end of my twenty-five years of devotion. My husband dead and a suicide. Perhaps it is better so. But, oh my poor children. I can bear it for myself, but my son, my daughter and my little girl. What have they ever done to deserve all this?"

CARMICHAEL'S CONFESSION

After Writing Letters He Cuts His Throat With Pocket Knife.

Carthage, Ill., Jan. 12.—Rev. John H. Carmichael, pastor of three Methodist churches in and near Adair, Mich., confessed slayer of Gideon Browning in the Rattle Run, Mich., church, committed suicide yesterday in the toilet room of Miss Miranda Hughes' boarding house, by cutting his throat with a pocketknife.

The preacher left a letter to the sheriff of Adair, Mich., giving details of the murder, dismembering and unconfession of Browning and ascribing the act to self-defense and moral cowardice because of the hypnotic influence that Browning, an illiterate carpenter, held over him. A letter to his wife contained a similar statement.

While the confession of the circuit rider is rather extensive and, on some points, minute, it leaves many questions in regard to the tragedy unsolved, admitting that the statements of the parson are true. Some of the letter tends to create the impression that the confession is really the production of the subtle imagery of an unsound mind.

The preacher does not explain satisfactorily how he and Browning came to go to the Rattle Run church, or why both seemed so keeping their presence there a secret, except to say that Browning wanted the preacher to officiate at Browning's wedding that night. This account does not explain the fact that the preacher evidently knew that Browning already had a wife, if not two.

Carmichael arrived here Friday evening and sought lodging at Miss Hughes' boarding house. He gave his name as John Elder and said that he was a cabinetmaker and thought of opening a shop in Carthage. Saturday morning he telegraphed to Burlington, Iowa, for his valise, and it came that day.

He went down town Saturday forenoon and also in the afternoon, and told in the evening of having visited a poultry show.

Sunday he slept most of the time and refused to eat, saying that his fast was not over. He led Miss Hughes to think that he was a Catholic. Monday morning Miss Hughes placed an elaborate breakfast before him, thinking that he would be hungry after his fast. After breakfasting fast he packed all his belongings in his valise and, leaving his room in perfect order, paid his bill and asked Miss Hughes when a train would leave for Bowen, twelve miles south of Carthage. At 7:40 o'clock he went out to the toilet room, and nothing more was seen or heard of him until about 9 o'clock.

Then Miss Hughes went out to feed her chickens. She heard a moaning in the toilet room. Looking in the door, she saw the man in the floor with his throat cut. She called neighbors and they carried the wounded man into the house and called doctors. They found that the man had cut a small slit in his throat, but the knife had not touched the jugular vein. If it had not been that he had lain so long in the cold and lost so much blood, the doctors said, they could have restored him to consciousness; but, as the thermometer stood almost at zero, he had become so thoroughly chilled that he never aroused from his stupor, and died at about 12:40 o'clock.

Letter to Sheriff.

The confession of Rev. J. H. Carmichael is as follows:

"Carthage, Ill., Jan. 11, 1909.

"To Mr. Waggonstell, Port Huron, Mich.

"Honored Sir—I write this letter to explain some things in connection with the Columbus church tragedy. I am guilty only because I am a coward. The man had such a hypnotic influence over me that I felt that something must be done. I felt greatly ashamed that a man said to be short-minded should be able to compel me to yield to his will, but I said nothing about it. At first he said: 'It's all right, elder, don't be afraid.' Then he began to talk about how we two could get rich. Three times he came to the rear of my barn and talked to me through the manure hole; twice he was at the river when I went to water my stock, and each time I felt that he was doing something that he was proud of.

"Once when I was going out to Columbus he was on the pike near the school house. When I overtook him he asked me to ride. I could not refuse. He asked me if ever I had driven up the pike to Port Huron, to which I answered no. Then he said: 'Come, let's drive up;' I dissented, but he kept on until he persuaded me to go. He got out and stood at the corner, while I went to the barn with the rig.

Bought a Hatchet.

"Then after we had been at the restaurant, for which he paid, also for the horse, I gave me a half dollar and said he wanted me to go across there and buy a small hatchet for his boy to play with. I began to tell him to go and do his own buying when he set his eyes upon me in the queerest sort of a look, something like the look of a snake's eyes. Then I felt his influence tightening his grip on my mind, so I went intending to go into the store and out the back way to get the horse and rush off for home.

"When I turned to close the door he stood looking upon me through the window and I just bought the hatchet and came out again, but by that time he had disappeared, so I went to the barn, got my rig and started for home. When I made the turn onto Military street he was at the corner to get in. He rode as far as South Park, where he got out to take the car. He took the hatchet with him and said nothing, nor did I think anything at the time about the change.

"Once at the depot at Adair he came out of the house in his shirt sleeves and exorcised me by compelling me to walk the rails all the while I felt as small as a bantam chicken.

The Church Affair.

"When he arranged with me about his wedding he said he would go to Port Huron and meet me on the road between that place and the church. I thought he really meant to get married when he engaged my services, but when we met on the road and he was alone I began to feel uneasy, but he said it was all right, the others would come in a carriage.

"When we went into the church I wanted to light a lamp to which he dissented, saying, 'no, elder; no light unless they should come;' presently he said, 'maybe you'd better have a little fire;' so I went out and passed wood to him through the window. When I had put in what I thought would be enough he said, 'now, elder, the moon is shining right on the front door and if you go around there to come in some one may see you. Just put up some wood here and come in at this window.' I brought a few sticks and laid them across each other from the top of which he helped me into the building. He let the window nearly down again and we kept looking out through the opening to see the others come down the state road.

"Presently he took a big hearty laugh and said, 'there ain't no use looking for there ain't going to be no wedding.' He was sitting where the gleams of light shown on his face and his eyes were so brilliant that I was thrilled through and through with the queerest sort of feeling. I asked him why then he had made the present arrangements when he said, 'well, elder, I just wanted to have a little fun.'

To Show Power.

"'You consider yourself an educated man, and look down on a poor, ignorant fellow like me, and I just thought I would show you what I could do. I knowed if I could handle you I could handle other men, too, and make a big thing out of it.' Then he said, 'now, if I say raise up your hand, up she goes, see that's no dream.' I felt my hand raise without effort whatever on my part. Then he said, 'If I say let down your hand, down it goes,' and I felt it going down in a singular manner.

"By this time I was so alarmed that I was in a cold sweat. I then leaned over to see if any one might be on the road when he began to laugh again, and I saw that he was holding a weapon of some sort up his sleeve. Instantly I made a grab for it and got the hatchet from him and asked what he meant to do with that.

Browning Draws Knives.

"He said, 'I'll show you,' and from his overcoat pocket drew out a knife in each hand. He came at me striking with both hands while I backed across the church down the side aisle and across the front, but I did not dare to turn about to open the front door. Then I threw the hatchet and struck him and he fell. I then turned to open the door when he grabbed me by the leg and threw me down where my hands came upon the hatchet. There was a desperate struggle, in which I used the hatchet until I laid still and still.

"I cannot tell all that happened after that. I was wild to dispose of the body. I was in a horrible terror, so I began pulling off his garments that I might drag the body away somewhere and hide it, then when my eyes fell upon one of these knives I flew into a rage and began to cut it, when he woke up and grabbed me again.

Burns the Body.

"Then for a while I used that hatchet until I was sure he was dead. Then I saw that the fire was hot enough to make some pipes and nearly to the elbow, so I grabbed him by the feet and dragged him down there and cut him to pieces, putting in each part as it was dismembered, then I began to put the garments into the front stove when I remembered that I had a poor draft and the things might not burn. Then I saw that my clothing was torn and bloody, while some of his was yet whole, and I exchanged and then took all but a few of mine and piled them in along with the body.

"I then went up nearly to Tunnel station, where I turned my rig about and started it on the back track. My big coat hid my torn and bloody garments until I got to Chicago, where I purchased others. I am tired of trying to hide, though I have succeeded in eluding the detectives so far. If you get this while I am yet alive, come and get me. I shall not be far from Carthage, Ill. J. H. CARMICHAEL."

SHERIFF ARRIVES AT CHICAGO

Says He Thinks There Is a Woman in the Case.

Carthage, Ill., Jan. 12.—Sheriff Wegensell, who started for Carthage as soon as the fact of the suicide of the Rev. John H. Carmichael became known, and who is today taking the lead in the investigation, was convinced that there was a woman in the case and expressed regret that Carmichael could not have been taken home alive to answer for the murder of Gideon Browning. However, the general tendency seems to be to accept the theory of mental irresponsibility until tangible developements tend to overthrow it.

INJURED GIRL CALLS FIANCE IN DREAM.

Messina, Jan. 7.—A curious case of telepathy has occurred to a sailor on board the Italian battleship Regina Elena. He was granted leave to search for a girl in Messina with whom he was engaged to be married.

After having sought for her during four days he returned to the ship exhausted and fell into a deep sleep, during which he dreamed of his fiancee saying to him: "I am alive; come save me."

The sailor waked, obtained fresh leave from the commander of the ship, gathered together several friends and went to the spot of which he had dreamed. The party penetrated the ruins of a house and found the girl uninjured.

TO CONCEAL IDENTITY

Army Deserter Said Body Was His Own.

Muskogee, Okla., Jan. 7.—On December 13 a man was killed by a train here and the body was identified as H. L. Edmisson, of Englewood, Kas., whither the body was taken and buried.

Yesterday a man who said he was Edmisson confessed that the body was that of Irving Thomas, of Dallas, Texas. Edmisson said he was a deserter from the army, and that at the death of Thomas he pretended to identify the body as that of himself in order to conceal his own identity. Remorse caused him finally to tell the truth.

BLAST KILLS 21 MEN

Explosion in Leiter's Colliery at Zeigler.

Duquoin, Ill., Jan. 11.—A gas explosion in which twenty-one men lost their lives occurred yesterday in Joseph Leiter's famous colliery at Zeigler. A spark from a trolley pole of an electric motor, coming in contact with a pocket of gas, is assigned as the cause.

Joseph Leiter personally conducted the first relief party that descended into the mine to recover the bodies.

21 Were Killed.

With the recovery of additional bodies during the night, it is thought that all victims of the explosion have been accounted for. Most of the corpses are so mutilated that identification is difficult. Four of the victims were negroes, four were Americans and fifteen were foreigners. Of the twenty-four miners, only three escaped.

Efforts to establish the cause of the explosion are in progress, but thus far few of the theories agree. Experts who had inspected the mine after the recent fire in it declared it safe and full preparations for resumption of mining had been made.

Cleaning Up Debris.

The men killed yesterday were cleaning up the last of the debris left by the firefighters; and it had been expected that coal would be hoisted today. The most widely accepted theory is that the explosion resulted from fire damp coming in contact with a spark from an electric trolley.

There was but little damage to the workings, and it is likely that operations will be resumed at an early date.

A SLAP AT ROOSEVELT

House Committee Resents Language in Messages and Urges They Be Laid on Table.

Washington, Jan. 8.—Having given consideration to the President's further views regarding the secret service, contained in his message to the house of representative last Monday, the special committee appointed to deal with the subject today brought in its final report.

Accompanying the committee's report was a resolution which declared it to be the sense of the house that it shall decline to consider any communication from any source which is not respectful, recommending that the objectionable portion of the President's annual message be laid on the table.

"Was Unresponsive."

Similar action was urged with respect to the message of last Monday, because of its being "unresponsive to the inquiry of the house" as to what the President meant when he said, referring to the limitation placed upon the field of operations of the secret service, that the "chief argument in favor of the provision was that the congressmen did not themselves wish to be investigated."

When Chairman Perkins, of New York, of the special committee, arose to make his report, he faced an almost full membership, while the galleries were packed with interested spectators.

Messrs. Tawney, Smith, of Iowa; Sherley and Fitzgerald were on the floor, prepared, by word of mouth to resent what they deemed to be insinuations of the President upon them as members of the committee on appropriations.

Feeling Growing Intense.

They were not alone in their indignation. Indeed, for some time past the feelings of the members had been growing more and more intense, and some of them have been giving way to their sentiments in language which fully testified to their wounded pride.

As was the case when he first spoke on the question before the holidays, Mr. Perkins was frequently interrupted by applause. Upon the conclusion of his remarks he submitted the committee's report which, after quoting from the President's message and declaring his language unjustified and without basis of fact, and that it constitutes a breach of the privileges of the house, concludes with the recommendations for action.

FREED IN ERB CASE

Wife and Sister-in-Law Are Acquitted of Murder of Pennsylvania Politician.

Media, Pa., Jan. 7.—Mrs. H. Florence Erb, wife of Captain J. Erb, who was well known in political circles all over Pennsylvania, and her sister, Mrs. Catharine Beisel, charged with the murder of Captain Erb on the night of October 6, 1908, today walked from the Delaware county court house free women.

After the jury had been out nearly eighteen hours it brought in a verdict of not guilty in the case of each woman, both of whom had been charged separately and jointly with shooting the captain.

The Women Wept.

As soon as the verdict had been read, the sisters with a half scream, fell in each other's arms. Everybody in the court room was on his or her feet, and women wept as they looked at the pathetic scene.

In an instant the women were surrounded by friends and their attorneys and overwhelmed with congratulations.

Harry Beisel threw his arms around his wife and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Erb, and tears came to their eyes. This scene lasted several minutes.

Mrs. Erb hurried from her seat to Dickinson, the foreman of the jury, and wrung his hand. Mrs. Beisel did likewise and they went down the line of the twelve men. Tears stood in the eyes of most of them, and the thanks of the women were sobbed out in broken syllables.

Fearful for Sister.

"I was innocent and knew I would be acquitted," said Mrs. Erb after the jury had gone. "I was only fearful for my sister. I did not know what they might do to her for doing what she did to save my life."

Mrs. Beisel said:

"I thank God it is all over. No, I have not been confident of acquittal, for you never know what twelve men will do. I was sure of my sister's freedom, but not of my own, though I knew I was innocent of any crime."

NIGHT RIDERS TO BE HANGED

Union City, Tenn., Jan. 9.—Six night riders were today sentenced to hang February 19. Two were given life sentences in the penitentiary.

The attorneys for the defense immediately gave notice of an appeal to the state supreme court.

HARMON INAUGURATED

Democratic Executive Again Assumes Control of State Affairs.

COLUMBUS, Jan. 11.—At the stroke of 12 today the helm of state changed hands, in the rotunda of Ohio's historic capitol, where the obligation of the chief of administration has been laid upon men afterward called to higher service in the nation, Judson Harmon became governor of Ohio and General Andrew L. Harris laid down the authority of state and became a private citizen.

Weather conditions are not propitious. During the forenoon there was a chilling wind and at 1:30 p. m. a driving snowstorm drove many of the spectators to shelter.

Hotels were crowded to overflowing last night, and incoming trains this morning are packed.

Governor-Elect Harmon arrived at 10 o'clock last night, and was driven at once to the Columbus club, where he was honor guest at a dinner given by his staff. Here he met for the first time Francis W. Treadway, who will today assume the office of lieutenant governor. Later Mr. Harmon went to the residence of Mr. William Monypenny, where he and Mrs. Harmon are guests.

The assemblymen are for the most part back after the week's end recess. Both houses met this morning, listened to the reading of the journals, and then proceeded to the rotunda of the capitol to witness Mr. Harmon's inauguration.

No busines of importance will be transacted by either house during the day, but Tuesday promises to see the assembly down to work. The rules have been adopted, and both houses are now awaiting the committee appointments.

Among the Toledo people here to attend the inauguration ceremonies are Miss Franc Jones, Miss Sally Libbey, Bert and Mrs. Lacey, John Bolan, L. J. Dennis, A. A. Reilly, J. J. Foley, Seney and J. J. Byrnes.

Within sight of a concourse of duly impressed citizens of the commonwealth, and in the presence of assembled state officials, staff officers, army and national guard officers, supreme court justices, members of the general assembly and other dignitaries and personages upon whom the privilege of special places in the gathering had been conferred, the oath of office was administered by Chief Justice William B. Crew, of the Ohio supreme court.

For the sixth time since the civil war the chief office of the state administration passed out of the keeping of the Republican party, in whose charge it has been for a period of eighteen years, unbroken save by the few months of power vouchsafed to the late Governor John M. Pattison.

A few minutes later, in the senate chamber, was enacted a repetition of that unusual combination of political circumstances of three years ago—the induction of a Republican lieutenant governor following the inauguration of a Democratic governor.

Twice in succession widely diverging conditions of things political have given the Republican state of Ohio a Democratic governor. Both times the second in authority has been a Republican. Three years ago General Andrew L. Harris stood in the senate chamber and received the oath of lieutenant governor. A few months later he succeeded to the chief magistracy through the death of Governor Pattison. Today he turned over the reins of government to his successful competitor, and in place occupied by him three years ago stood Francis W. Treadway, the young lieutenant governor from Cleveland.

While following in outline the usual gubernatorial inauguration, including the ceremony itself, the parade, reception and inaugural ball, these set features were made more elaborate by the determination of the non-partisan committees of the board of trade, with the assistance of the citizens of Columbus, to surpass the efforts of the former masters of the ceremony. A series of brilliant events was prepared for the incoming of former Governor Pattison, but the zest of the celebration was allayed by the illness which, although not then known, was the forerunner of his death a few months later. His condition of health at that time was such that he could grace with his presence but for a few minutes the levees planned in his honor. All the time that he ever spent in the governor's office in the state house was the few minutes he rested there after the inaugural program.

But the pomp and glitter of today centers around a man not only sufficiently robust to withstand the strain of the hardest social duties, but one who takes a personal and almost boyish pleasure in mingling with his fellows, consequently those who have charge of the preparations and those who will participate in the ceremonies of the day have thrown themselves into the situation with the determination to make the most of it.

Rarely has the inauguration of a governor of Ohio been so widely advertised as this, through a publicity bureau under the direction of Burr Williamson, a Columbus newspaper man. Throwing partisanship to the wind committees of the Columbus board of trade and citizens have worked day and night almost to bring about a full fruition of their plans.

One hundred thousand attendance was the mark set, and judging from the crowds inpouring from the trains and trolley cars it is probable that the course will fall not far short of expectations.

AFGHANS ON WAR PATH

Six Thousand Soldiers Cross Into Persia.

Teheran, Jan. 9.—There is a persistent rumor in circulation here to the effect that 6,000 Afghans with six guns have crossed into Persia.

The Seistan frontier, the point of crossing, is at the junction where eastern Persia and southwestern Afghanistan meet.

BROKER UNDER ARREST

Charged With Helping to Wreck Boyertown Bank.

Philadelphia, Jan. 9.—DeWitt C. Hillegas, a well known insurance broker of this city, was arrested today by the United States authorities charged upon the affidavit of Bank Examiner Folds, who accuses him with misappropriating funds of the Boyertown National bank in connivance with Morris L. Hartman, the cashier, and being responsible for the failure of the institution in January, 1907.

It is charged that Hillegas, with the aid of Hartman, misappropriated $101,000 of the bank's funds. Hartman was arrested some time ago and is now awaiting trial. Hillegas was held in $5,000 bail for a further hearing.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Washington, Jan. 4.—Senate—With practically no opposition the Senate today passed the House bill appropriating $800,000 to aid the Italian earthquake sufferers. Senator Bailey of Texas declared that such appropriations were unconstitutional, but did nothing to delay congressional action. The sum of $400,000 was appropriated for the purchase or construction of a building in Paris as the home of the American ambassador. The bill will go to the House for its consideration.

House—After having been in session a little over an hour the House today adjourned out of respect to the memory of Representative Davey of Louisiana, who died during the recess. Numerous messages from the President on various subjects were read. The most important were a message recommending aid for the Italian earthquake sufferers and a message responding to a resolution asking for information as to what the President meant by his annual message regarding the secret service. The relief asked for the stricken Italian people was quickly and unanimously voted, while the secret service message was referred to a special committee after Mr. Griggs of Georgia had moved to have it returned to the President, which motion he later withdrew.

Washington, Jan. 5.—Senate—The business of the Senate today consumed less than an hour, nearly half of which was devoted to the consideration of nominations in executive session, of which a large number were confirmed. A motion by Senator Gore to print the inaugural addresses and the proclamation of emancipation by President Lincoln in the Congressional Record in celebration of the centenary year of Lincoln's birth brought Senator Bailey of Texas to his feet with an objection to the printing of the proclamation of emancipation. Further discussion was stopped by a reference of the entire matter to the committee on printing.

House.—Transacting business without even the semblance of a quorum, the House today passed several bills of a miscellaneous character, but of little general public importance. The only incident worthy of note was a heated discussion among the members of the Indiana delegation over a bill to provide for the establishment of judicial divisions in the district of Indiana. The measure failed of passage. Over two hours were devoted to consideration of the bill providing for the erection of embassy and legation buildings abroad, without any conclusion being reached. Among the bills passed was one providing for leaves of absence with pay for thirty days to employes on the Panama canal injured in line of duty.

Washington, Jan. 6.—Senate—The postal savings bank bill was before the Senate today, and many amendments were proposed to it, some of them requiring the deposit of postal savings funds in state as well as national banks. It is expected that voting on amendments and a further discussion of the measure will be resumed tomorrow. The Senate also received two messages from the President, one recommending additional interstate commerce legislation and the other relating to the absorption by the United States Steel Corporation of the Tennessee Coal and Iron company, and passed several bills on the calendar.

House.—The only incident worthy of note in the proceedings of the House of Representatives today, and which caused a good deal of amusement, was a brief discussion of the forthcoming African hunting trip of President Roosevelt. Incidentally there was a reference to the famous so-called Ananias club. The whole debate hinged on the newspaper story stating that Major Edgar O. Mearns of the army was to accompany the President, and that in order to do so he had been put on the retired list with increased rank. The matter was brought up by Mr. Mann of Illinois in connection with the consideration of a bill authorizing the issuance of commissions to officers who retire with increased rank. The remainder of the day was devoted to the consideration of a number of miscellaneous bills and resolutions.

Washington, Jan. 7.—Senate.—Characterizing the action of the President in directing the attorney general not to prosecute the United States Steel Corporation for its absorption of the Tennessee Coal and Iron company as "another arbitrary and lawless act of the chief executive," Senator Culberson of Texas introduced a resolution in the Senate today instructing the committee on the judiciary to report at as early a day as practicable whether in the opinion of that committee the President was authorized to permit such absorption. Mr. Culberson at considerable length criticized the President, and insisted that Congress had the right to give directions to a head of executive department under certain conditions. Senator Foraker gave notice that he would speak on the Brownsville affair next Monday.

An amendment was reported from the committee on finance providing for an increase of the salary of the President to $100,000 and of the salary of the Vice President and the speaker of the House of Representatives to $20,000 each.

House.—Although technically under consideration in the House of Representatives today the District of Columbia appropriation bill was sidetracked while the members indulged in general debate. This took a wide range, the proceedings opening with a denfese of the rules of the House by Mr. Olmstead of Pennsylvania. Mr. Gaines reported intended to break the solid South next Monday by brought into discussion in the course of a speech on the tariff by Mr. Sheppard of Texas, who remarked in this connection that the President-elect had made himself ridiculous.

Washington, Jan. 8.—Senate.—The Senate today passed a bill providing conditions under which the thirteenth census will be taken. The House bill which was under consideration was amended to allow printing and binding of census reports to be done by private contract instead of in the government printing office, if found desirable by the director of the census. An amendment placing the appointment of 3,500 census office clerks under the civil service commission was defeated. Senator Culberson's resolution instructing the committee on the judiciary to report whether the President had authority to permit the absorption of the Tennessee Coal and Iron company by the United States Steel Corporation was adopted.

House.—The House tonight by a vote of 212 to 76 rebuked the President by tabling so much of his messages as reflected on members of Congress in connection with his recommendation regarding the secret service detectives, and also declaring to be the sense of the House that they shall decline to consider any communication from any source which is not in its own respectful form. The report of the special committee appointed to deal with the language of the President's annual message and in his special message of last Monday was submitted, and it was used as the basis for some earnest and vigorous speeches. Toward the close of the debate Mr. Gardner of Massachusetts vainly endeavored to secure, first, the adoption of a substitute for the resolution in the shape of an amendment expressing confidence in the committee on appropriations ,and then the postponement of the whole matter until Monday, but he was overwhelmingly outvoted.

Washington, Jan. 9.—House.—The strenuous work of yesterday strained the House of Representatives and in consequence after being in session less than an hour today the body adjourned until tomorrow. However, 500 pension bills were passed, as was also a resolution for a rigid inquiry into the whole question of the investigation of frauds against the government. The sum of $6,000 was appropriated for the inquiry, which is to be made by a committee of five members to be named by the speaker. Tomorrow's session will be devoted to memorial exercises for the late Senator Proctor of Vermont.

The Senate was not in session today.

Washington, Jan. 11.—Senate.—Senator Tillman was the central figure today, occupying almost an hour with his carefully prepared speech in reply to the President's charges concerning his action in attempting to acquire by purchase some timber lands of Oregon originally held as a railroad grant, while advocating litigation by the department of justice to compel their sale. The senate passed a bill appropriating $80,000 for the purchase of the Sequoia grove of big trees in California. A recommendation by the committee on finance and the committee on the judiciary favoring an increase of the salary of the President to $100,000 and those of the vice president and the speaker of the House of Representatives was referred to the committee on appropriations.

House.—After a stormy discussion the resolution authorizing the granting of permits to the committee on inaugural ceremonies and the use of the pension office building for the inaugural ball was compelled to go over for two weeks before final action. As it stands the section relating to the pension building was stricken out and a further amendment was made, refusing permission to extend overhead wires into the structure. It was manifest from the outset that a majority of those present was opposed to the pension office proposition. Various other measures were considered and passed, all relating exclusively to the District of Columbia. Speaker Cannon announced the committee of five which will conduct the investigation into the secret service, provided for by the resolutions of Saturday.

THE MARKETS.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Jan. 12.—With the situation in wheat about unchanged as far as vital factors were concerned, the market opened quiet and about steady. Towards the noon hour, prices were advanced a trifle on good support from leading Chicago longs. Receipts were light, the local market getting 4 cars, Chicago 10 and the Northwest 202. Among the bullish factors was the decrease in the American and European visible supply. Though low temperatures appear general throughout the country, snow covering in most of the winter growing territory will protect the crop. Cheaper La Platta offerings and disappointing American cables caused weakness at Liverpool, cables showing a loss of ½d at the outset and the market ⅝d to ½d lower at midday. In the Toledo market, cash opened unchanged at $1.06, May ⅛c higher at $1.08¼, July ⅛c lower at $1.00¼, and September unchanged at 94¼c. The only changes up till 10 a. m. were an advance of ¼c in cash and a similar gain in May.

Tired longs, becoming discouraged with the bearish cast of the situation, began to disgorge their holdings after the middle of the day. This brought on one of the biggest breaks in weeks, especially in May. Cash closed ¾c off at $1.05¼, May 1¼c lower at $1.07, July at 99¾c, and September ¼c off at 96c. Liverpool closed ⅝d to ½d lower. Among the big Chicago sells were Armour, J. H. Wrenn, Schwartz, Hubburd and Logan.

Corn Firm.

Weakness in corn at the opening gave way to a harder tone, and before the end of the first hour prices were on a level with the previous closes. Liverpool opened unchanged to ½d to lower. There was a slight gain in Chicago receipts, though the volume was not equal to last year's. Toledo received six cars. May opened ⅛c lower at 63½c; July ¼c down at 63⅝c, and for the month ⅛c lower at 64c.

Closes in corn were: Cash 62c, May 63½c, July 63⅜c, September 63⅞c.

Oats was a shade weaker. At Chicago the crowd sold and Nye and Jenks bought. Toledo May oats opened unchanged at 53¼c; July ⅛c down at 47⅞c, and September unchanged at 40¼c.

Oats closed: Cash 52c, May 53c, July 47⅛c, September 39⅞c.

Seed Demand Good.

Receipts continued heavy, but failed to keep pace with the shipments, which amounted to 889 bags. The number of bags reaching the market was 580. A year ago receipts were 284 against shipments of 400. January opened 2½c higher, at $5.57½; March 2½c higher, at $5.65, and October 2½c off at $5.07½. The loss sustained by the far month was regained early in the forenoon.

Cash closed 2½c up at $5.57½, March 2½c higher at $5.65, and October unchanged at $6.10.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Jan. 12.	Close Jan. 11.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.06	1.06¼	....	1.05¼	1.06
May	1.08¼	1.08¾	....	1.07	1.08¼
July	1.00¾	1.00½	....	99¾	1.00¾
Sept.	96¼	....	....	96	96¼
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	62	61¾
May	63½	63⅝	....	63⅛	63⅝
July	63⅝	63⅞	....	63⅜	63⅞
Sept.	64	....	....	63⅞	64⅛
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	53	52
May	53¼	....	....	53	53
July	47¾	....	....	47⅛	47⅝
Sept.	40¼	....	....	39⅞	40¼
Clover Seed—					
Cash	....	....	....	5.57½	5.55
Jan	5.57½	....	....	5.57½	5.55
March	5.65	5.67½	....	5.65	5.62½
Oct	6.07½	....	....	6.10	6.10
No. 2	....	....	....	5.42½	5.40
No. 3	....	....	....	5.32½	5.30
Rejected	....	....	....	5.25	5.17½
N. E. G.	....	....	....	5.00	5.10
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	78	78
No. 2	....	....	....	77½	77½
No. 3	....	....	....	75½	75½
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	9.00	9.00
March	....	....	....	9.00	9.00
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.80	1.80

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	1.06⅞	1.06¼	1.04½	1.04⅝	1.06
July	94¾	97⅝	....	96½	97⅝
Sept.	95⅝	94	93	93¼	95⅜
Corn—					
May	61¼	61⅝	....	61⅜	61¼
July	61⅜	61⅞	....	61⅝	61⅜
Sept.	61⅞	62	....	61⅞	61⅞
Oats—					
May	51⅜	51⅞	....